

The Musical World.

(PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT NOON.)

A RECORD OF THE THEATRES, CONCERT ROOM, MUSIC, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS,
FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

Terms of Subscription, per Annum, 16s. Stamped; 12s. Unstamped; to be forwarded by Money Order or Postage Stamps
to the Publisher, W. S. Johnson, "Nassau Steam Press," 60, St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross.

Yearly Subscribers only (whose names are registered at the Office) are entitled to an Admission to the Annual Concert.

No. 33.—VOL. XXIII.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1848.

{ PRICE THREEPENCE.
STAMPED FOURPENCE.

GOETHE'S EPIGRAMS FROM VENICE—(1790.)

IN ELIGIAC VERSE.

Money spent, and time as well—
How—this little book will tell.

XXVIII.

WHAT sort of girl I wish, do you ask? I have one already,
As I wish; and by this much in a little is said.
Walking along the sea-side, I sought after shells, and within one,
Lo! I discover'd a pearl; this I preserve in my heart. J. O.

WORCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

THE hundred and twenty-fifth Festival of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester, will be held on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, the 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th of September. As heretofore, the sacred, or morning performances will be given in the nave of the Cathedral of Worcester, and the evening concerts in the College Hall.

The principal vocal performers engaged are Madame Castellan, Mdle. Alboni, Miss A. Williams, Miss M. Williams, and Miss Dolby; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Lockey, Mr. J. Robinson, Mr. Machin, and Signor Lablache. Messrs. H. Blagrove and Willy will alternate as leaders. Miss Kate Loder's services are retained as solo-performer on the piano. Mr. G. Townsend Smith is likewise engaged as pianist. Mr. Amott will preside at the organ. Mr. W. Done is appointed conductor.

The band has been selected from the orchestras of the Royal Italian Opera, Philharmonic and Ancient Concerts, and Her Majesty's Theatre.

The choral department has been selected from the choral societies of Worcester, Birmingham, and Gloucester, and will comprise nearly one hundred professional singers from London.

The band and chorus united will number upwards of three hundred and fifty performers.

On Tuesday morning, previous to the first performance, a sermon will be preached by the very Rev. John Peel, D.D., Dean of the Cathedral.

The first performance presents nothing particularly striking. It opens with an Organ Voluntary by Mr. Amott, which is followed by the Preces and Responses of Tallis, with the Venite—Grand Chant, and the Psalms—Chant, of the Rev. W. H. Havergal. Handel's *Dettingen Te Deum* is then given, after which Purcell's *Jubilate* in D, and Dr. Hayes' Anthem, "O Worship the Lord," will be performed. Mendelssohn's Anthem, "As the hart pants," concludes the first morning of the festival. The solo executants for the *Dettingen Te Deum* are Miss Dolby, the Misses Williams, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Machin, Mr. J. Robinson, and Mr. Sims Reeves; for the *Jubilate*, Miss Dolby, Miss A. Williams, Mr. Lockey,

Mr. Robinson, and Mr. Sims Reeves: and for Mendelssohn's Anthem, Miss A. Williams, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Machin, and Mr. Sims Reeves.

On Wednesday morning the *Elijah* will be performed. The principal soloists are Madame Castellan, Miss Dolby, Miss A. Williams, Miss M. Williams, Miss E. Byers, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Machin, Mr. J. Robinson, and Mr. Sims Reeves.

The performance on Thursday morning commences with a selection from Dr. Crotch's oratorio, *Palestine*, the principal vocalists being Madame Castellan, Miss Dolby, the Misses Williams, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Machin, Mr. J. Robinson, and Mr. Sims Reeves, followed by an Anthem of Mendelssohn, with Miss Dolby as solo, and chorus; after which the first part of the *Creation* will be given, the solos taken by Miss A. Williams, Mr. Lockey, Mr. J. Robinson, and Madame Castellan. Alboni will then sing Handel's "Holy, Holy," the performance concluding with Beethoven's oratorio, *Engedi*, the soli parts by Madame Castellan, Miss A. Williams, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. J. Robinson.

On Friday morning the *Messiah* will be given. The soloists are Madame Castellan, Miss Dolby, Miss A. Williams, Miss M. Williams, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Machin, Mr. J. Robinson, and Mr. Sims Reeves.

The first evening's concert takes place at the College Hall on Tuesday. It commences with Mendelssohn's music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, the solos by Miss A. Williams, and Miss M. Williams. Alboni will next sing the "Una voce," from the *Barbiere*, Mr. Sims Reeves will give the "Fra poco" from the *Lucia*, and Miss Dolby will introduce a solo with chorus from Gluck's *Orfeo*. This ends the first part. The second part opens with the overture to *Leonora*, and is followed by a miscellaneous selection, the principal features of which are the chorus of prisoners from *Fidelio*; Mr. Sims Reeves "Adelaide;" the duet, "Ah! Ciel qual destin" from *La donna del Lago*, for Castellan and Alboni; the "Non piu andrai" for Lablache, and the "Brindisi" from *Lucrezia Borgia*, for Alboni.

The second concert on Wednesday evening includes a selection from Haydn's *Seasons*, interpreted in the solo parts by Miss A. Williams, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. J. Robinson. The miscellaneous selection which follows provides some interesting features. Alboni sings the "Voi che sapete," from the *Nozze di Figaro*, the finale from *Cenerentola*, and, with Madame Castellan, the duet "Ebben a te ferisci," from *Semiramide*. Madame Castellan will give the final rondo from *Sonnambula*, and, in addition to her duet with Alboni, will sing a duet from Donizetti's *Maria Padilla* with Miss Dolby. Mr. Sims Reeves will sing Balfe's ballad, "The Old Arm-Chair." Among other important items we may mention Sterndale Bennett's overture to *The Naiades*.

The third concert on Thursday evening includes, in the first part, a selection from *Oberon*. The principal vocalists are Madame Castellan, Miss A. Williams, Miss M. Williams,

Miss Dolby, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Machin. The second part is confined to a miscellany, the chief items of which are, the overture to the *Zauberflöte*, Alboni's "Elena, O tu," from the *Donna del Lago*; the Tyrolienne, "In questo semplice," from *Betty*; and, with Lablache, the comic duo from *La Prova d'un Opera Seria*. Madame Castellan will sing "O luce di quest anima," from *Linda di Chamouni*; Lablache the "Largo al factotum," and Sims Reeves Mario's serenade from *Don Pasquale*. The whole of the performances will conclude with the National Anthem.

After each morning performance a collection will be made for the charity.

The Festival is held under the immediate patronage of Her Majesty.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

On Saturday, the last night of the subscription, the *Puritani* was repeated by special desire, and was followed by the *Jugement de Paris*.

On Tuesday there was no performance.

Thursday was a grand extra night, when the *Sonnambula* was given, with the *Jugement de Paris*, and brought the most crowded audience of the season.

To-night the *Figlia del Reggimento* will be performed, and on Tuesday the *Puritani* will be repeated.

A few extra Lind nights will close Her Majesty's Theatre for the season eighteen hundred and forty-eight.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The *Huguenots* was repeated on Saturday—the sixth time—with the ballet *divertissement* for Lucile Grahn.

The *Huguenots* was repeated on Tuesday—the seventh time—with the ballet *divertissement*.

The *Huguenots* was repeated on Thursday—the eighth time—with the ballet *divertissement*.

Guillaume Tell was announced for Thursday, but in compliance with the wishes of several of the subscribers, and in consequence of its enormous success, the *Huguenots* was given instead, it being, as per announcement, its last performance but one.

On the Saturday Mario resumed his part of Raoul, and stimulated, no doubt, by Roger's success, outshone all his former efforts. We never heard him sing more magnificently, nor saw him act so splendidly. In the septuor in the duel scene, his voice came out with a power and a clearness we never heard before, and excited a *fuore*. The septuor was enthusiastically encored. In the grand duet, also, with Pauline Garcia, he was greater than ever, and created a more powerful sensation than on any previous occasion. Verily, the success of one great artist stimulates another to higher accomplishments than one would have thought within reach and compass.

Every time we hear and see Pauline Garcia in Valentine we are the more impressed with her greatness as a dramatic artist. There is nothing in her singing, or acting, that, after repeated hearing and seeing, becomes dull to the ear, or palls upon the eye. On the contrary, both ear and eye anticipate the pleasure they have before experienced, and meet with no disappointment. This can only result from genius, combined with consummate art.

On Thursday much disappointment was anticipated by a report of Tamburini's incapacity to undertake his part of the Count St. Bris, in consequence of indisposition. The report was, however, falsified by the appearance, in the second scene

of the first act, of the great artist, whose unexpected entrance was the signal for a loud salvo of applause.

The theatre has been crowded to suffocation every night, and the success of the *Huguenots* increases with each performance.

To-night *Guglielmo Tell* will be certainly given, with what effect we shall inform our readers in our next number. The cast is very strong. Tamburini plays the Swiss Patriot; Roger, Arnold, Duprez's great part, and in which it is fully anticipated he will fall nothing short of his celebrated predecessor; Tagliafico, Gesler; Marini, Walter; Corbari, Jemmy (Tell's son); and Castellan, Matilda. The secondary parts are filled up by Polonini, Corradi-Setti, Luigi-Mei, Lavia, Soldi, &c.

LESSING'S DISSERTATION ON ARISTOTLE'S DEFINITION OF TRAGEDY.

Extracted and Translated from the *Hamburgische Dramaturgie*.

"Ἔστιν οὖν τραγῳδία μίμησις πράξεως σπουδαίας καὶ τελείας, μέγεθος ἡδυσμένη λόγῳ, χωρὶς ἐκάστου τῶν εἰδῶν ἐν τοῖς μορίοις, δρώντων καὶ οὐ δι' ἀπαγγελίας, δι' ἐλέου καὶ φόβου περαινούσα τὴν τῶν τοιούτων παθημάτων κάθαρσιν.—Aristotle.

Tragedy, then, is an imitation of some important and entire action, having a certain magnitude,—with embellished diction—with different forms in different parts—represented by means of agents and not by narrative;—effecting through pity and fear the purification of such passions.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 484.)

With respect to the moral purpose which Aristotle assigns to tragedy, and which he intended to comprise in the explanation of it, every one knows, especially in modern times, how much contention it has caused. I trust, however, to show that all who have declared against it have misunderstood Aristotle. They have all introduced thoughts of their own, before they knew, for a certainty, what belonged to him. They attack their own crotchets, and fancy they have refuted the philosopher, unanswerably, when they have put to shame a creature of their own brain. I cannot here enter into a closer explanation of this matter, but will, nevertheless, make two remarks, that I may not seem to speak entirely without proof.

I. They make Aristotle say that tragedy, by means of terror and pity, is to purify us from the faults of the passions represented. The passions represented? So if the hero is made unhappy by curiosity, or ambition, or love, or anger, is it our curiosity, our ambition, our love, our anger, which is to be purified by tragedy? Aristotle never thought of such a thing. It is all very fine for these gentlemen to talk. Their imagination changes windmills into giants; they gallop against them, in the certain hope of victory, and think nothing of a Sancho who has only his own common sense, and, on his more cautious steed, calls to them not to hurry too much, but just to open their eyes first. Τῶν τοιούτων παθημάτων, says Aristotle; and this does not mean "the passions represented." This they would have been obliged to translate by "this and the like," or "the passions awakened." The word τοιούτων (such) merely relates to the preceding—pity and fear. Tragedy is to excite our pity and our fear for the mere sake of purifying these and the like passions—not all passions without distinction. Moreover, he says τοιούτων, and not τούτων; he says, "these and the like," not merely "these;" to show that by pity he means not only pity so called, but all philanthropic feelings generally: just as by fear he understood not only the pain at a calamity

which is impending over us, but also every pain which is akin to it—pain at a present evil, pain at a past evil, sorrow, and grief. To this whole extent is the pity and fear which tragedy excites in us to purify our pity and our fear; but pity and fear only—no other passions. It is true that in tragedy useful precepts and examples may be found for the purification of other passions, but these are not its object; these it has, in common with epopœia and tragedy, inasmuch as it is a poem, an imitation of an action in general; but not inasmuch as it is a tragedy, an imitation of pitiable action in particular. All kinds of poetry ought to improve us. It is to be regretted if we are obliged to show this, and still more, if there are poets who doubt it. But every kind cannot improve everything; at any rate, some must do it more than others. That which each can improve most perfectly—that in which each stands above comparison with the rest—that alone is its proper distinction.

II.—Since the opponents of Aristotle did not consider what passions he really meant to purify in us by the pity and fear of tragedy, it was natural for them to make mistakes with the purification itself. Aristotle promises, at the end of his "Politics," where he speaks of the purification of the passions by music, that he will treat of this purification more at large in his "Art of Poetry." "But because," quoth Corneille, "nothing at all of this subject is to be found in that book, the greater part of his interpreters have arrived at the conclusion, that it has come down to us incomplete." Nothing at all? I, for my part, think that in the existing remains of the "Poetics," be they much or little, all may be found that Aristotle could consider necessary for one who was not utterly unacquainted with his philosophy. Corneille himself observed a passage which, according to his opinion, might afford us light enough to discover the manner in which the purification of the passions is effected in tragedy. It is the one where Aristotle says, that pity requires one who suffers undeservedly, and fear one of our kind. This passage is certainly very important, only Corneille made a wrong use of it. Indeed, he could not well do otherwise, as he had not the slightest notion of the purification of the passions. "Pity for the misfortune," says he, "which we see befall one like ourselves, awakens in us the fear that we may be attacked by a similar misfortune; this fear awakens in us a desire to avoid the misfortune; and this desire an effort to purify, to moderate, to reform—nay, to extirpate, the passion, in consequence of which the person whose calamity happens before our eyes is suffering; since reason informs every one that to avoid the effect, the cause must be removed." But this reasoning, which makes fear the mere instrument by which pity effects the purification of the passions, is false, and cannot possibly be Aristotle's meaning; because, thus, tragedy might purify all the passions, and not only those two which Aristotle especially points out as being purified. Tragedy might purify our anger, our curiosity, our envy, our ambition, our hate, and our love, accordingly as it is one or the other of these passions, by which the person pitied incurs his calamity. Our pity and our fear would alone remain unpurified; for pity and fear are the passions which we, not the acting persons, feel in tragedy—are the passions with which the acting persons move us, not those by which they incur their calamities. There can be a piece in which these passions may appear in both capacities; of this I am aware, but I know of no such piece. I mean a piece, in which the pitied person falls into misfortune by ill-considered pity or ill-considered fear. However, this piece would be the only one, in which, according to Corneille's interpretation, that would occur which Aristotle

requires in every tragedy; and even in this one, it would not occur in the way he wishes. This single piece would be, as it were, the point in which two right lines, inclining towards each other, come into contact, never to meet again through all infinity. Dacier could not so totally miss the sense of Aristotle. He was bound to pay more attention to the words of his author, and these say too positively that our pity and our fear are to be purified by the pity and fear of tragedy. But because he doubtless thought that the use of tragedy would be very small, if confined to this; so he allowed himself to be misled, according to Corneille's explanation, into allowing it the purification of all the other passions. As now Corneille denied this on his part, and showed by examples that it was rather a beautiful thought, than a thing ordinarily realized, he (Dacier) was forced to go into these examples, when he found himself in such a straight, that he was obliged to make the most violent twists and turns to get through with his Aristotle. I say *his* Aristotle, for the right one is far removed from requiring any of these twists and turns. To repeat the same thing over and over again, Aristotle thought of no other passion to be purified by the pity and fear of tragedy, but our own pity and our own fear; and it is very indifferent to him whether tragedy contributes much or little to the purification of the other passions. Dacier should have adhered to that purification alone; but then he would have been obliged to combine with it a perfect conception. "How tragedy," says he, "excites pity and fear to purify pity and fear it is not difficult to explain. It excites them by placing before our eyes the misfortune into which those like ourselves have fallen by unintentional faults; and it purifies them by making us acquainted with the same misfortune, and thus teaches us neither to fear it too much, nor to be moved by it too much, if it really befalls ourselves. It prepares men to bear with courage the most repugnant events, and inclines the most wretched to think themselves fortunate, when they compare their own calamities with the far greater calamities which tragedy exhibits. For in what position can a man be placed who, at the sight of an *Œdipus*, a *Philoctetes*, an *Orestes*, will not be forced to confess, that all the evils which he has to suffer are not to be compared with those which these men are compelled to endure?"

All this is very true;—this explanation could not have given any very great trouble to M. Dacier's brains. We find it almost word for word with a Stoic, who always had an eye to apathy. Without making the objection that the feeling of our own misery does not admit of much pity for others at the same time, and that consequently with the wretched man, whose pity is not to be excited, the purification or alleviation of sorrow cannot be attained by means of pity, I will grant anything, just as he says it; only I must ask him one question: How much has he said after all? Has he said a particle more than this, that pity purifies our fear? Certainly not; yet this is no more than a fourth part of what Aristotle requires. It is clear Aristotle maintains that tragedy excites pity and fear for the sake of purifying pity and fear; who does not see that this expresses a great deal more than Dacier thinks good to explain? For according to the different combinations of the conceptions now before us, he who would exhaust the meaning of Aristotle, must separately show:—1. How tragic pity purifies our pity; 2. How tragic fear purifies our fear; 3. How tragic pity purifies our fear; and 4. How tragic fear purifies our pity. Dacier has confined himself to the third point, and even this he has explained very badly—even this he has only half explained. For whoever has striven to get a just and proper conception of the Aristotelian purification of

Miss Dolby, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Machin. The second part is confined to a miscellany, the chief items of which are, the overture to the *Zauberflöte*, Alboni's "Elena, O tu," from the *Donna del Lago*; the Tyrolienne, "In questo semplice," from *Betty*; and, with Lablache, the comic duo from *La Prova d'un Opera Seria*. Madame Castellan will sing "O luce di quest anima," from *Linda di Chamouni*; Lablache the "Largo al factotum," and Sims Reeves Mario's serenade from *Don Pasquale*. The whole of the performances will conclude with the National Anthem.

After each morning performance a collection will be made for the charity.

The Festival is held under the immediate patronage of Her Majesty.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

On Saturday, the last night of the subscription, the *Puritani* was repeated by special desire, and was followed by the *Jugement de Paris*.

On Tuesday there was no performance.

Thursday was a grand extra night, when the *Sonnambula* was given, with the *Jugement de Paris*, and brought the most crowded audience of the season.

To-night the *Figlia del Reggimento* will be performed, and on Tuesday the *Puritani* will be repeated.

A few extra Lind nights will close Her Majesty's Theatre for the season eighteen hundred and forty-eight.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The *Huguenots* was repeated on Saturday—the sixth time—with the ballet *divertissement* for Lucile Grahn.

The *Huguenots* was repeated on Tuesday—the seventh time—with the ballet *divertissement*.

The *Huguenots* was repeated on Thursday—the eighth time—with the ballet *divertissement*.

Guillaume Tell was announced for Thursday, but in compliance with the wishes of several of the subscribers, and in consequence of its enormous success, the *Huguenots* was given instead, it being, as per announcement, its last performance but one.

On the Saturday Mario resumed his part of Raoul, and stimulated, no doubt, by Roger's success, outshone all his former efforts. We never heard him sing more magnificently, nor saw him act so splendidly. In the septuor in the duel scene, his voice came out with a power and a clearness we never heard before, and excited a *furor*. The septuor was enthusiastically encored. In the grand duet, also, with Pauline Garcia, he was greater than ever, and created a more powerful sensation than on any previous occasion. Verily, the success of one great artist stimulates another to higher accomplishments than one would have thought within reach and compass.

Every time we hear and see Pauline Garcia in Valentine we are the more impressed with her greatness as a dramatic artist. There is nothing in her singing, or acting, that, after repeated hearing and seeing, becomes dull to the ear, or palls upon the eye. On the contrary, both ear and eye anticipate the pleasure they have before experienced, and meet with no disappointment. This can only result from genius, combined with consummate art.

On Thursday much disappointment was anticipated by a report of Tamburini's incapacity to undertake his part of the Count St. Bris, in consequence of indisposition. The report was, however, falsified by the appearance, in the second scene

of the first act, of the great artist, whose unexpected entrance was the signal for a loud salvo of applause.

The theatre has been crowded to suffocation every night, and the success of the *Huguenots* increases with each performance.

To-night *Guglielmo Tell* will be certainly given, with what effect we shall inform our readers in our next number. The cast is very strong. Tamburini plays the Swiss Patriot; Roger, Arnold, Duprez's great part, and in which it is fully anticipated he will fall nothing short of his celebrated predecessor; Tagliafico, Gesler; Marini, Walter; Corbari, Jemmy (Tell's son); and Castellan, Matilda. The secondary parts are filled up by Polonini, Corradi-Setti, Luigi-Mei, Lavia, Soldi, &c.

LESSING'S DISSERTATION ON ARISTOTLE'S DEFINITION OF TRAGEDY.

Extracted and Translated from the Hamburgische Dramaturgie.

"Εστιν οὖν τραγῳδία μίμησις πράξεω σπουδαίας καὶ τελείας, μέγεθος, χροῖσις, ἡδυσμένω λόγῳ, χωρὶς ἐκάστου τῶν εἰδῶν ἐν τοῖς μορίοις, δρώντων καὶ οὐ δι' ἀπαγγελίας, δι' ἐλέου καὶ φόβου περλαύουσα τῇ τῶν τοιούτων παθημάτων κάθαρσιν.—Aristotle.

Tragedy, then, is an imitation of some important and entire action, having a certain magnitude,—with embellished diction—with different forms in different parts—represented by means of agents and not by narrative;—effecting through pity and fear the purification of such passions.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 484.)

WITH respect to the moral purpose which Aristotle assigns to tragedy, and which he intended to comprise in the explanation of it, every one knows, especially in modern times, how much contention it has caused. I trust, however, to show that all who have declared against it have misunderstood Aristotle. They have all introduced thoughts of their own, before they knew, for a certainty, what belonged to him. They attack their own crotchets, and fancy they have refuted the philosopher, unanswerably, when they have put to shame a creature of their own brain. I cannot here enter into a closer explanation of this matter, but will, nevertheless, make two remarks, that I may not seem to speak entirely without proof.

I. They make Aristotle say that tragedy, by means of terror and pity, is to purify us from the faults of the passions represented. The passions represented? So if the hero is made unhappy by curiosity, or ambition, or love, or anger, is it our curiosity, our ambition, our love, our anger, which is to be purified by tragedy? Aristotle never thought of such a thing. It is all very fine for these gentlemen to talk. Their imagination changes windmills into giants; they gallop against them, in the certain hope of victory, and think nothing of a Sancho who has only his own common sense, and, on his more cautious steed, calls to them not to hurry too much, but just to open their eyes first. Τῶν τοιούτων παθημάτων, says Aristotle; and this does not mean "the passions represented." This they would have been obliged to translate by "this and the like," or "the passions awakened." The word τοιούτων (such) merely relates to the preceding—pity and fear. Tragedy is to excite our pity and our fear for the mere sake of purifying these and the like passions—not all passions without distinction. Moreover, he says τοιούτων, and not τούτων; he says, "these and the like," not merely "these;" to show that by pity he means not only pity so called, but all philanthropic feelings generally: just as by fear he understood not only the pain at a calamity

which is impending over us, but also every pain which is akin to it—pain at a present evil, pain at a past evil, sorrow, and grief. To this whole extent is the pity and fear which tragedy excites in us to purify our pity and our fear; but pity and fear only—no other passions. It is true that in tragedy useful precepts and examples may be found for the purification of other passions, but these are not its object; these it has, in common with epopœia and tragedy, inasmuch as it is a poem, an imitation of an action in general; but not inasmuch as it is a tragedy, an imitation of pitiable action in particular. All kinds of poetry ought to improve us. It is to be regretted if we are obliged to show this, and still more, if there are poets who doubt it. But every kind cannot improve everything; at any rate, some must do it more than others. That which each can improve most perfectly—that in which each stands above comparison with the rest—that alone is its proper distinction.

II.—Since the opponents of Aristotle did not consider what passions he really meant to purify in us by the pity and fear of tragedy, it was natural for them to make mistakes with the purification itself. Aristotle promises, at the end of his "Politics," where he speaks of the purification of the passions by music, that he will treat of this purification more at large in his "Art of Poetry." "But because," quoth Corneille, "nothing at all of this subject is to be found in that book, the greater part of his interpreters have arrived at the conclusion, that it has come down to us incomplete." Nothing at all? I, for my part, think that in the existing remains of the "Poetics," be they much or little, all may be found that Aristotle could consider necessary for one who was not utterly unacquainted with his philosophy. Corneille himself observed a passage which, according to his opinion, might afford us light enough to discover the manner in which the purification of the passions is effected in tragedy. It is the one where Aristotle says, that pity requires one who suffers undeservedly, and fear one of our kind. This passage is certainly very important, only Corneille made a wrong use of it. Indeed, he could not well do otherwise, as he had not the slightest notion of the purification of the passions. "Pity for the misfortune," says he, "which we see befall one like ourselves, awakens in us the fear that we may be attacked by a similar misfortune; this fear awakens in us a desire to avoid the misfortune; and this desire an effort to purify, to moderate, to reform—nay, to extirpate, the passion, in consequence of which the person whose calamity happens before our eyes is suffering; since reason informs every one that to avoid the effect, the cause must be removed." But this reasoning, which makes fear the mere instrument by which pity effects the purification of the passions, is false, and cannot possibly be Aristotle's meaning; because, thus, tragedy might purify all the passions, and not only those two which Aristotle especially points out as being purified. Tragedy might purify our anger, our curiosity, our envy, our ambition, our hate, and our love, accordingly as it is one or the other of these passions, by which the person pitied incurs his calamity. Our pity and our fear would alone remain unpurified; for pity and fear are the passions which we, not the acting persons, feel in tragedy—are the passions with which the acting persons move us, not those by which they incur their calamities. There can be a piece in which these passions may appear in both capacities; of this I am aware, but I know of no such piece. I mean a piece, in which the pitied person falls into misfortune by ill-considered pity or ill-considered fear. However, this piece would be the only one, in which, according to Corneille's interpretation, that would occur which Aristotle

requires in every tragedy; and even in this one, it would not occur in the way he wishes. This single piece would be, as it were, the point in which two right lines, inclining towards each other, come into contact, never to meet again through all infinity. Dacier could not so totally miss the sense of Aristotle. He was bound to pay more attention to the words of his author, and these say too positively that our pity and our fear are to be purified by the pity and fear of tragedy. But because he doubtless thought that the use of tragedy would be very small, if confined to this; so he allowed himself to be misled, according to Corneille's explanation, into allowing it the purification of all the other passions. As now Corneille denied this on his part, and showed by examples that it was rather a beautiful thought, than a thing ordinarily realized, he (Dacier) was forced to go into these examples, when he found himself in such a straight, that he was obliged to make the most violent twists and turns to get through with his Aristotle. I say *his* Aristotle, for the right one is far removed from requiring any of these twists and turns. To repeat the same thing over and over again, Aristotle thought of no other passion to be purified by the pity and fear of tragedy, but our own pity and our own fear; and it is very indifferent to him whether tragedy contributes much or little to the purification of the other passions. Dacier should have adhered to that purification alone; but then he would have been obliged to combine with it a perfect conception. "How tragedy," says he, "excites pity and fear to purify pity and fear it is not difficult to explain. It excites them by placing before our eyes the misfortune into which those like ourselves have fallen by unintentional faults; and it purifies them by making us acquainted with the same misfortune, and thus teaches us neither to fear it too much, nor to be moved by it too much, if it really befalls ourselves. It prepares men to bear with courage the most repugnant events, and inclines the most wretched to think themselves fortunate, when they compare their own calamities with the far greater calamities which tragedy exhibits. For in what position can a man be placed who, at the sight of an *Œdipus*, a *Philoctetes*, an *Orestes*, will not be forced to confess, that all the evils which he has to suffer are not to be compared with those which these men are compelled to endure?"

All this is very true;—this explanation could not have given any very great trouble to M. Dacier's brains. We find it almost word for word with a Stoic, who always had an eye to apathy. Without making the objection that the feeling of our own misery does not admit of much pity for others at the same time, and that consequently with the wretched man, whose pity is not to be excited, the purification or alleviation of sorrow cannot be attained by means of pity, I will grant anything, just as he says it; only I must ask him one question: How much has he said after all? Has he said a particle more than this, that pity purifies our fear? Certainly not; yet this is no more than a fourth part of what Aristotle requires. It is clear Aristotle maintains that tragedy excites pity and fear for the sake of purifying pity and fear; who does not see that this expresses a great deal more than Dacier thinks good to explain? For according to the different combinations of the conceptions now before us, he who would exhaust the meaning of Aristotle, must separately show:—1. How tragic pity purifies our pity; 2. How tragic fear purifies our fear; 3. How tragic pity purifies our fear; and 4. How tragic fear purifies our pity. Dacier has confined himself to the third point, and even this he has explained very badly—even this he has only half explained. For whoever has striven to get a just and proper conception of the Aristotelian purification of

the passions, will find that each of these four points includes two cases. To be brief, since this purification consists of nothing but the transformation of passions into virtuous capacities, and since, according to our philosopher, there is an extreme on each side of every virtue, so that it stands between the two;* tragedy, if it is to convert our pity into a virtue, must be able to purify us from both extremes of pity; and the same thing is to be said of fear. With respect to pity, tragic pity must not only purify the soul of him who feels too much pity, but also the soul of him who feels too little. With respect to fear, tragic fear must not only purify the soul of him who fears no misfortune at all, but also the soul of him who is uneasy at any calamity, however remote or impossible. Likewise tragic pity, with respect to fear, must steer against the too much and the too little, and so, on the other hand, must tragic fear with respect to pity. But Dacier, as we have already said, only shows how tragic pity moderates excessive fear. And even here he has not shown how the entire defect in fear is to be removed, or how, in him who feels too little, it is to be heightened to a wholesome degree: much less has he shown the rest. Those who have come after him have not in the slightest degree completed what he has left, but to settle the utility of tragedy beyond a doubt, have added things which belong to poems in general, but by no means to tragedy in particular, as tragedy. For instance, that it should foster and strengthen the impulses of humanity, that it should produce a hatred against vice, and so on. My dear friend, what sort of poem should not? If every poem should do this, it cannot be the distinguishing mark of tragedy: it cannot be that for which we have been seeking.

* This is the well known ethical doctrine of Aristotle.—Translator.

(To be continued.)

SONNET.

NO. XCVI.

INDIAN PANTHEON, VI.

MARA.*

YE stars, that look through night with loving eyes;
Thou moon, that reignest o'er them—mildly great;
Thou sun, that hid'st thyself, and vaunt'st thy state
Veiled in thy brightness—mystery of the skies;
Thou ocean, whose vast billows fall and rise
With planless power, sport of some dull, strong fate;
Thou earth, whom painted garments decorate:—
I would repel ye all—eternal lies!
I would be one with Vishnu; but ye press
My soul with your dead weight of endless change;
All multitude is false—truth is but one.
Why check my course? There are enough to bless
Your sickle smiles: to me ye are but strange,
I love ye not—eternal lies, begone!

* By this word, which signifies "illusion," the devotee expresses his belief that the sensible world is but vanity; while the highest devotion is a state of mystical abstraction.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA IN LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

I CAN this week give you an idea of what we are to do in musical matters here, for though I stated last week that we were absolutely doing nothing in that way, yet a few days have completely changed the aspect of affairs. Jenny Lind is announced to appear at a concert at the Collegiate Institution, on the 17th of September, in company with Roger, Belletti, and F. Lablache. The prices are—reserved seats, one guinea; other seats, half a guinea. Those prices I, as well as most people here, think too high for a concert, but the attendance will prove whether we are right. Everybody

expected that this season the nightingale would have been heard in one or two good operas, for a moderate sum; but I understand that Mr. Knowles, of Manchester, who has monopolised all Jenny's provincial engagements, could not come to terms with our managers. They refused to let their theatres unless they could, to a certain extent, share either the profits or the losses of the speculation with Mr. Knowles, considering that it was not fair that parties totally unconnected with Liverpool should take so much money out of it. Notwithstanding this, I believe that there is yet a chance of seeing Jenny in either *Lucia* or *Sonnambula*, at one of our theatres—but when and where I can't at present state. But whether we have Jenny or not, we can be more than consoled by hearing the enchanting Alboni, who, with Corbari, Salvi, Paltoni, and Mr. Osborne, are announced to appear at our Theatre Royal, on the 29th inst., on which occasion the annual concert of Mr. B. R. Isaac (one of our best pianists), takes place. His prices are remarkably moderate, considering the great expense he must be at; for in addition to the above attractions, the singers will be accompanied by an orchestra, somewhat of a novelty at provincial concerts. Alboni made a really "great hit" at one of our Philharmonic Concerts last year, and I know that hundreds who have only heard of her by name will patronise Mr. Isaac. Our Philharmonic Society are doing nothing, and I believe we shall hear nothing of them till February next, when their new concert-hall, one of the finest in the world, is to be opened (if it is ready), with six days' performances, which are to be wound up by a grand fancy dress ball. It is to be hoped that it may not be opened till somewhat later, so that we have some of the Italian vocalists engaged; for though I would patronise native talent as often as possible, I doubt if all our English singers will be sufficient to attract audiences suitable to the occasion. A concert for the benefit of Mr. P. Robson, a young and clever musician, resident in Birkenhead, took place at the Craven Rooms, in that township, last Monday evening, for which Miss Whitnall, Mr. Ryalls, and a great number of our vocal and instrumental performers gave their gratuitous services. The room was well filled, the audience delighted, and I trust that Mr. Robson, whom an accident has incapacitated from following his profession, will feel improved by the receipts. Mr. Macready and Mrs. Warner have been playing in a round of their favourite characters during the past week, at our Theatre Royal, to pretty good audiences. Mr. Macready's *Richelieu* is, I think, one of his best impersonations. He played it better than ever I saw him do it before, last Tuesday evening—he was loudly applauded throughout. On Monday evening a crowded audience was assembled at our Amphitheatre, to witness the first performance of a new and original burlesque, written expressly for that establishment by Mr. R. B. Brough, editor of the late *Liverpool Lion* and his brother, Mr. William Brough, one of the wittiest contributors to that periodical which, as I said last week, was a sort of local *Punch*, that enjoyed a tolerably long and merry life in this town, a few months back. The burlesque is entitled, *The Enchanted Isle, or Raising the Wind upon the most Approved Principles*. The story is Shakspeare's *Tempest*. Prospero is turned into character, which is a sort of cross between that of Louis Philippe and a street conjuror. Ariel, a tiger with wings, Ferdinand, a "fast" man, given to yachting and so on. It is, without exception, one of the wittiest burlesques I ever heard; it is absolutely overflowing with puns, parodies, &c., many of them being local. I will give you a few of them picked at random.

Ferdinand gets very ill on board of a steamer in which

Alonzo and his Court are taking "a royal maritime excursion," upon which he exclaims that "he feels so heavy that he must be *led*." The King takes him into the cabin and says, "Your pa who brought you *up* will take you *down*." Caliban, who is dressed as a "boy of all work," proposes to *Easa di Baccastoppa* and *Smuttiffaccio* (the Trinculo and Stephano of Shakspeare), the captain and stoker of the royal steamer, to assist him to depose Prospero. He asks them if they will *stick* by him, when the captain says, "I will, like gutta percha, upon my sole." The King is lamenting the death of his son, which he says both "makes him *wail* and makes him *blubber*." Ariel is describing the escape of Ferdinand to Prospero,

"Though a grown man, he floated like a buoy—
It seemed not arms, but fins, he did employ;
Though of good weight, he seemed a thing of scales:
In fact, he might have been the Prince of Wales."

These are only a few of the good things in the burlesque, which, I believe, will soon be performed at a metropolitan theatre. The authors are both very young men, of whom much may be expected. The piece has been nightly hailed with the loudest laughter and applause, the authors and all the performers being called before the curtain. It was beautifully put upon the stage; the effects (including a steam-engine and a steamer), as well as all the dresses, scenery, and properties, being entirely new."

J. H. N.

CRITICAL MALPRACTICES.

WE have received a fiery and indignant epistle from a subscriber, who signs himself "An English Composer," in which he takes up the cudgels very stoutly on behalf of Mr. G. Linley, a gentleman known in the ballad and poetic world; the said Mr. G. Linley having, it seems, been be-laboured by the musical critic of the *Athenæum* newspaper. The letter is worth the quoting, were it only to show what strenuous advocates our English musicians have, and may hope to obtain, when they are touched on the sore point of their musical competency. We shall take leave to offer a few remarks on the letter *en passant*. Hear the defender-plaintiff!—

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

"SIR,—While criticism is confined to the fair judgment of a competent man, no composer has any right to feel sore at the review of his works. When, however, an ignorant, arrogant snarl is set up for snarling's sake, and is likely to do an injury to the *snarlee*, the *snarler* ought not to be allowed to escape scot free."

This is well enough, were proof to follow, although it might have been expressed more politely, and in happier phrase. Had Mr. G. Linley himself written the epistle—and he certainly had most right to complain—he could not have penned it in a more *snarlee* manner. Let us hear him further:—

"Allow me to call your attention to the *Athenæum* of last week, wherein is a *critique* on a song by G. Linley. A more unjust one I never read. The *snarler* accuses Mr. Linley of pirating a "delicious Swedish song," by one Lindblad, consisting of about 16 bars, the time of which is 3-4. Mr. Linley's very pretty air is in 2-4—the 11th and 12th bars bear no resemblance to those of the Swedish melody; the *second part* is also totally different—the *accompaniment* has no likeness—(all this according to the *snarler's* own shewing) and yet he heads his article "musical mal-practices." Is it not abominable that such "critical mal-practices" should be passed over without some attempt to drag the *snarler* from his dung-hill and expose to the musical world the man who shields his malicious gratuities under the editorial *wz*."

Mr. G. Linley's song being in 2-4 measure, and ONE Lindblad's in 3-4, does not affect the charge of piracy. If the writer of the letter knows anything of music, he must be

aware that it is the easiest thing in the world to preserve a whole subject, yet alter the measure. The writer explains, very significantly, that the eleventh and twelfth bars bear no resemblance to those of the Swedish melody, which naturally leads to the inference that all the others do. Verily, according to the writer's own showing, the musical critic of the *Athenæum* has good reasons on his side. The indignation of the writer carries him entirely out of the bounds of rationality, when he charges the "snarler" with shielding his *malicious gratuities* under the editorial *wz*. The objection must extend to the whole literary world—argal, it is no crime on the part of any individual, though he be never so much inclined to snarling. The last paragraph, more than the others, betrays the keen sensitiveness of our correspondent, who has so valiantly stepped forward to do battle in the cause of English musicians. Harken to the "English Composer" for the last time:—

"It is not enough that you, Mr. Editor, and I, and a few others in the musical profession should know who and what the noodle is, who, for seven-and-sixpence a column maligns any man's works submitted to his mercy. Why do not the English critics sign their names to their lucubrations, as do their more courageous brethren of France and Germany? The reason is obvious. For my own part, I am resolved to publish to all my acquaintance the names of the would-be critics who so abuse their calling, to the injury of the artist, and delusion of the innocent public. If every composer would do the same, we should soon have the press, as regards music, in a more healthy condition, and the *snarler* reduced to his proper level, filling the much more suitable post of penny-a-liner.—I am, Sir, &c.

"London, August 4th."

"AN ENGLISH COMPOSER."

We have a shrewd notion of the individuality of the critic of the *Athenæum*; and, in our judgment, believe him to be a severe and unflinching writer, entirely independent, and, though sometimes allied to paradoxical opinions, "honest as the skin between his brows." The critic withal is by no means devoid of musical knowledge and musical feeling, and judging between him and the "English Composer," we decidedly think he has the best of the reasoning. We quote below the article from the *Athenæum*, in order that the reader may judge as to which has right on his side.

"A hundred years ago an opera-soprano, one Joseph Jozzi (who sang, by the way, in the work which Gluck wrote to commemorate the Duke of Cumberland's victory over the Scotch rebels,) thought fit, on leaving the stage, to take to harpichord-teaching; and by way of getting together a stock-in-trade, coolly appropriated the *sonatas* of Alberti—then little known out of Italy—played them as his own, and published them in London and Amsterdam with his name prefixed. Some years later suspicions of similar traffickings attached themselves to an English tenor singer who aspired to gains as an opera-writer, and set 'Blue Beard.' Who has forgotten the satirical 'style and title' which Sheridan affixed to the name of Michael Kelly—'Composer of wine and importer of music?' We have been used to remember the story of the Alberti bass and to laugh at the Wit's joke as illustrating the lax morality of a past age. No more highwaymen on Finchley-common—no more land-pirates!—so ran the self-complacent strain; and if *Punch's* cut of 'the Lion' roaring for his breakfast reminded us of Lord Williams's 'Tuft Hunter,' 'twas but as the exception which proved the rule. Alas! the good policeman-ship of a correspondent forbids us to rest in the pleasant delusion! We are no better than our fathers. There be musical traders in 'conveyed' goods among us even now—evil-doers as careful in attempting to disguise their pilferings as the bird-fanciers who can pluck and paint and otherwise disguise stolen fowl so completely that even the parent which laid the egg could hardly, save by its chirp, know her offspring again!—Mr. George Linley has hitherto held a fair reputation among English ballad-mongers; but here is a new production bearing his name—'Spring time returning,'—sung by Miss Dolby, written, composed, and inscribed to his friend, put forth with as much effrontery as if the music were indeed by George Linley, and not by Herr A. F. Lindblad, whose delicious Swedish songs have been so often recommended in this journal! In the first collection of these (published by Messrs. Schubert and Co., of Hamburg) will be found a Lied entitled 'Nahe' and in triple time. This Mr. Linley has appro-

printed—written in two-fourths—changed the accompaniment—spoiled the second part—and published it as his own. The defence that out of a fresh and wild melody, by omitting one or two characteristic touches, (such as the 11th and 12th bars of the original,) he has made a piece of namby-pamby as colourless as former compositions bearing his name will not save Mr. Linley. To talk of coincidence, again, were lost time. That the case is one of identity and transcript, with a few bungling changes to conceal the misdemeanour, every musician must perceive upon an instant's comparison: and we trust that 'the profession' has too much self-respect to allow such a transaction to pass without the severest reproof. What is the use of agitating for copyright measures—what the hope of, or chance for native talent—if matters of *meum* and *tuum* are to be thus unblushingly disregarded?"

One thing strikes us very forcibly, and that is, that if Mr. G. Linley has not himself written the epistle of the "English Composer," he ought to have done so, for nothing less than personal pique, arising from vanity touched in a tender part, could extenuate so much indignation without basis, so much scurrility without wit, and so many premises without reasonable deduction.

In conclusion, we agree in one respect with the "English Composer,"—that "it would be better for all parties that writers of critical notices should append their names to their articles;" and in this spirit, taking our correspondent's hint, we beg leave with all humility to subscribe ourselves—we must retain to some extent the editorial we—

DESMOND RYAN.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

(From the John Bull).

SINCE the production of *Gli Ugonotti* (the Italian version of *Les Huguenots*), of which we gave some account last week, this opera has been twice performed—on Saturday and Tuesday last—and is to be repeated this evening. On each repetition it has been received with increased enthusiasm, by overflowing audiences. We were present at both performances, and observed on each occasion, a great number of individuals distinguished in the musical world, both as artists and amateurs, desirous (like ourselves) of a renewal of the delight they had previously enjoyed, and anxious to seize the opportunity of further acquaintance with the most profound as well as the most powerful production of the modern musical stage. Every such person must share our regret that these wishes cannot at present be fully gratified, owing to the approaching close of the season; but we trust that, during the short period yet to elapse, this opera will be performed as often as possible consistent with other necessary arrangements. Had it been produced sufficiently early (which was not the case in consequence of unforeseen and insurmountable difficulties), it would have been, not only the great musical event of the year—which it is at any rate—but would have been of infinite advantage to the theatre; and let it be still performed ever so often, each repetition will be more and more triumphant. Such has been the case in France during the twelve years preceding the late catastrophe that has ruined music and the drama in that country—such has been the case in Germany—and such assuredly will be the case in England, where this great work of genius has been produced in a manner which, in many respects, neither France nor Germany have been able to equal.

We have no doubt that this production of the *Huguenots* at the Royal Italian Opera, will stand recorded in the annals of the musical drama in England, as the most important event that has occurred since the memorable production thirty years ago of *Don Giovanni* at the King's Theatre, when under the management of Mr. Ayrton. At that time the Italian Opera was at a very low ebb. It was then an entertainment patronized and supported exclusively by the aristocracy and fashionable world, the general body of the public paying little attention to it. Like most entertainments frequented for fashion's sake, its *habitués* cared little about its quality; and what they did care for was the quality, not of the opera, but of the ballet. An opera-box was an essential appendage to a modish establishment; and in their boxes, the leaders of *ton* passed their evenings in gossip, flirtation, and intrigue, occasionally listening with nonchalance to the warbling of the *prima donna* or *tenore*, and only roused to attention and enthusiasm by the pirouettes and entrechats of the favourite dancers. Their interest in the opera was limited to the cabals and personal squabbles behind the scenes; most of the principal performers having fashionable patrons and protectors, by whom they were countenanced in their

quarrels with each other, and disputes with the manager, who was generally forced to yield to their arrogance and caprice. The consequence of all this was, that the weak productions of the day were performed by a company containing one or two stars, but otherwise contemptible; and it was found quite useless to be at much expence in providing the orchestra, chorus and other accessories. Mr. Ayrton, a man of distinguished attainments and energetic character, determined to adopt an independent course—to break through the miserable trammels to which his predecessors had submitted, to be guided only by his own taste and judgment, and to present the public with the master-pieces of the German as well as the Italian school. He engaged one of the strongest companies that had ever been assembled on an Italian stage, including the names of Camporese, Fodor, Pasta, Crivelli, Ambrogetti, Naldi, and Angrisani. It was with this company that he produced *Don Giovanni*, then known in this country only to musical amateurs, and quite new to the public. Its impression was almost unprecedented; crowds belonging to the middle classes, hitherto unaccustomed to the opera-house, flocked to every representation, and lovers of music came from the most distant provinces, attracted by the fame of the great master-piece of Mozart. Though not produced at the beginning of the season, it was performed twenty-three times to overflowing audiences, and might have been performed without intermission till the close of the theatre, had not the manager, true to his determination to give the public variety as well as excellence, likewise produced other classical works—the *Nozze di Figaro* and *Clemenza di Tito*, of Mozart; the *Penelope*, of Cimarosa; the *Agnes and Griselda*, of Paer; and the *Molinara* of Paisiello. It is painful to add that, though the spirited efforts of the manager were rewarded by the fullest approbation of the public, yet he was unable to persist in them. His whole administration was a scene of contention with the performers and the patrons, who supported them in their cabals and mutinies; and, worn out and disgusted, he retired at the end of the season, though not before he had conferred a great and durable benefit on our Italian stage. He had given an impulse to the public taste which still continued to act upon it, and his successors were obliged, in some measure, to follow his footsteps. *Don Giovanni*, and other pieces produced by him, continued to be performed, less excellently, though hardly less successfully than before. The public continued to frequent the Italian Opera, and have never ceased to do so, even when the abuses, which it was Mr. Ayrton's endeavour to root out, had resumed their sway.

It is notorious that it was the existence of those abuses, and the existence, at the same time, of a public which felt itself interested in and aggrieved by them, that led at length to the establishment of another lyrical theatre—the Royal Italian Opera. Ever since the short-lived success and ultimate failure of Mr. Ayrton's endeavours, the state of the King's Theatre has every now and then excited bursts of indignation. When Catalani, for a whole season, appeared in nothing but the *Fanatics per la Musica*, which she converted into a mere vehicle for her own vocal harlequinades—when Velluti, by his grasping avarice and beggarly parsimony, brought the theatre into disgrace—these enormities were visited with general desertion and consequent ruin. In more recent times, the house has not experienced such degradation as this. For the last fourteen or fifteen years the vocal company has been the strongest in Europe, and the brilliant talents of the principal performers have rendered the establishment prosperous, notwithstanding the heavy grounds of complaint which every real lover of art has had against its management. The *répertoire* has been confined almost exclusively to the productions of the present degenerate Italian school, and the public have been sickened with the *crambe rococo* of Donizetti and Verdi. If a classical work has been performed as a *placebo* to old-fashioned amateurs, it has been got up in such a mean and slovenly way, as to show that it was not deemed worth the trouble of revival.

There appeared, too, a disposition to make up for the heavy salaries of the great stars, by injurious parsimony in other quarters. The orchestra fell off in numerical strength, quality, and power; a similar decay was perceptible in the chorus; and, even on the stage, important parts were committed to very incompetent representatives. Thirty years ago all this would not have been much minded. In those days, we repeat, there was no public, and the fashionable supporters of the Opera gave themselves little or no trouble about its quality: in these days the Italian Opera has become almost a popular entertainment, understood and appreciated by a large portion of the middle and educated classes, who, in the present advanced state of musical taste and knowledge, are able to enjoy its pleasures, and are keenly alive to its abuses. It was the growing dissatisfaction of this musical public, for the reasons we have mentioned, with the management of Her Majesty's Theatre, that gave rise to the superb establishment in Covent Garden; an establishment formed with the express view of exalting our Italian stage, by rendering it more worthy of support by the real lovers of dramatic and musical art.

The Royal Italian Opera is on the eve of terminating its second season; and it is admitted on all hands that, if it has not as yet fully realized:

objects of its formation, it has done so to a very considerable extent, and promises to do so completely and effectually. For what they have done, the managers are entitled to the admiration and gratitude of the public; for what they have not yet done, they are entitled to allowance for the obstacles and difficulties attending the outset of so colossal an undertaking, and for errors which nothing but experience could discover and correct. In almost rebuilding Covent Garden Theatre, and in rendering it one of the most spacious and superb opera-houses in Europe, an enormous preliminary expense was incurred, which, together with the unparalleled magnitude and splendour of every part of the establishment, certainly had the effect, for a time, of impairing its resources, embarrassing its management, and even endangering its stability. All difficulties of this kind, however (as is well known), were surmounted before the commencement of the present season, and the administration has proceeded smoothly, though apparently on a scale of expenditure which, however praiseworthy on the score of spirit and liberality, is hardly consistent with due caution. A little longer experience will teach the lessees that a complete and effective company may be formed without incurring a mass of expensive engagements which are not only superfluous, but detrimental.

Another error was one which arose from the not unnaturally sanguine spirit of the projectors. They imagined that they could realize the purposes of their undertaking much more speedily than was at all practicable. They forgot that Rome was not built in a day, and that an immense establishment, on a new plan, and destined to accomplish new objects, could not be put in full operation in a single season. Hence they set out with large promises and pledges which could only be slowly redeemed, and the immediate fulfilment of which would not otherwise have been expected by any one. Not content with the general and satisfactory declaration that the theatre 'was established for the more perfect performance of the lyric drama than had hitherto been attained in this country'—a declaration which they made good from the very outset of their career—they promised, besides the most celebrated works of the more modern masters, a variety of operas of Gluck, Mozart, and the older Italian school. A little cool reflection would have told them they were going too fast; that it would not be prudent or safe to make a great and sudden change in their *répertoire* by throwing aside the favourite operas of the day for the sake of a series of revivals, however classical; and that, at any rate, such a series of revivals, in a single season, was impossible. At the end of the season, consequently, it was found that their promises had been partly unperformed; and this failure was made the subject of clamorous charges against them; the *real* subject of complaint being, not that they had done too little, but that they had led people to expect too much. The very same thing will happen at the end of the season about to terminate. People will look at the programme of *March*—they will find promises of *Guillaume Tell*, *Fidèle*, *Haydée*, and other operas, which have not yet been produced, and which, in our humble opinion, *ought not* to be produced at the far end of the season, especially after so great an effort as the production of the *Huguenots*. But if any one of them is not produced, malcontents will rail as bitterly against the directors, as if they had done nothing the whole season.

The fair thing is to consider what the directors *have done* since the commencement of their labours.

They have, in the first place, formed an orchestra, disciplined and conducted by Costa, which not only reduces the orchestra of the rival house to insignificance, but is acknowledged to have no equal in any theatre in Europe; and a chorus unparalleled in this country, and not surpassed in Italy, France, or Germany, for magnitude and power. They have ransacked Europe, for the highest vocal and dramatic talent that their great pecuniary resources could command. With the counsels and assistance of their excellent musical director, they have employed this host of talent with skill and judgment in getting up a succession of the best and most favourite works of the Italian stage, with a completeness and splendour of which the English public had not formed even an idea. The operas thus performed have not all belonged to the present day; among them we have had some of the very greatest works of the older Italian and German schools. We have had the *Don Giovanni* and *Figaro*, of Mozart; we had the finest works of Rossini (now a classic) in all his various styles—the gorgeous *Semiramide* and *Donna del Lago*, the gay and sparkling *Barbiere*, the pathetic and interesting *Gazza Ladra*; and, last of all, we have had the *Huguenots*. We may, or may not, have more novelties before the theatre closes—for ourselves we feel satisfied that enough has been done for this season. All that we desire is, to have the *chef d'œuvre* of Meyerbeer as often as possible.

We know nothing of the affairs of this theatre. All that we know is, that the house has been crowded, and the performances splendidly successful during the whole season. We hope that the receipts, notwithstanding the immense expenditure, have been remunerative, and sufficient to ensure the continued exertions, of an establishment which is pre-eminently worthy of the utmost encouragement and support, as the greatest school of the musical art that has ever been formed in this country.

HECTOR BERLIOZ.

(From *Novello's Musical Times*.)

HECTOR BERLIOZ has left England; and in announcing his departure, we feel that a great and original mind has gone from amongst us, with but scant greeting and recognition of his genius from our countrymen. His productions have been received with but little general acclamation, albeit they have "fit audience found, though few." For the present, the friends of this great composer must rest contented with the select circle of admirers which his talent has found among the best musical judges; secure in the conviction that a time will come when the genuine merits of his style must inevitably produce their due effect upon a wider range of hearers, who, by repetition and further acquaintance, will have overcome the first surprise and check of novelty and unusual combinations. Originality, and daring deviation from old familiar paths in art, almost invariably startle and offend in the commencement; but give them time to recommend themselves to public discrimination, and, if there be intrinsic vital worth, they rarely fail of ultimate appreciation, even by "the general." It is upon record, that when first Beethoven's *Grand Sinfonia in C minor* was played by the Philharmonic Society at one of their trial nights, after the first few bars, a universal titter ran through the orchestra; the style was found to be so eccentric, so absurd,—so unwonted, in short: and now, a season never passes without the performance of this superb composition. Let us therefore hope, that when M. Berlioz pays us his next visit, his admirable music may receive a truer welcome in England.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

NO. XXVI.

Who would tame the falcon's flight
Stints its maw and hoods its sight—
Broken both to strike and fly
As its master's will may need,
Blindness crows its restless eye,
Hunger brings it to its feed.

Untamed will and untaught sight
Idly swoop from left to right—
Like the falcon train thee still,
Tame thine eye and wing alike,
Teach desire and chasten will,
Wouldst thou learn to stoop and strike.

C. R.

SEQUENCES AND CADENCES.

(To the Editor of the *Musical World*.)

SIR,—The perusal of a paper on "Progressive Cadences," in your last number, has suggested my taking the liberty of sending you some disjointed extracts from materials for a Treatise of my own on Harmony, which I compiled when a student in Germany, from a course of lessons upon the system of the Abbé Vogler. They are neither of them the same as the tables in that paper, but as they are essentially derived from the resources of the same system, and as the agents, *Addition* and *Subtraction*, ingeniously applied to chords, are used for the same end as those applied in Vogler's system, from whom they emanated, I hardly think your correspondent, Mr. French Flowers, has any right to claim "Progressive Cadences" as his own invention.

In order to have rendered these extracts clear and interesting, I ought to have added considerably to them; but had I done so, I should have occupied more of your space than might be deemed agreeable to your readers. I have, therefore, contented myself with giving just enough to show that your correspondent's theory is not altogether his own. I wish it to be understood that I neither take any part in the discus-

sion between himself and Mr. Aspull, nor do I intend to be led into any controversy upon the subject of these scraps. It is between ourselves that the question rests, whether Mr. Flowers' progressions are *his own* or *Vogler's*. I submit to your fiat. You may either make use of these as anonymous or attach my name to them. I lay claim to no credit for the mere compilation of another man's ideas; it required but little to write down the instructions of my teacher, and I have only committed to paper in my own form that which was alike imparted to Mr. Flowers and myself by X. Schnyder Von Wartensee many years ago.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

JOHN BARNETT.

SEQUENCES (or ARITHMETICAL PROGRESSIONS) are formed by consecutively adding or subtracting any given number to one, two, or more chords. For ex., take I. V. and proceed by *Addition*, adding I to each of these figures, and the result will be as follows:—

Add	I	V	
Becomes ...	II	VI	
Add	1	1	
Becomes ...	III	VII	
Add	1	1	
Becomes ...	IV	VIII	
	&c.		

In notes it becomes as follows:

I V II VI III VII &c.

These Sequences are of course regulated by certain laws, such, for example, as—In Sequences no attention is paid to the resolution of the chords; they are not good when prolonged more than three or four bars; when the bass moves in *Einglied* Sequence,* the melody is kept as close as the harmony will permit, &c. The above example is *Zweiglied*, or Sequences of two links.

Arithmetical progressions, formed by *Subtraction*, are produced by subtracting any given number from one, two, or more chords. Thus, if the subtracting figure is 5, 5 is subtracted from each of the figures used. As, for example—

From..... VI
Subtract 5
Remains..... I

Sequences cannot be made by subtracting I, because 5ths or 8ths cannot be avoided. Example—

Subtract by.....	I	V	I
	1		
	VII	IV	VII
Subtract by.....	1		
	VI	III	VI

In notes it would be as follows—

I V I VII IV VII VI III VI I

Subtract by 1.

* *Glied* is *Link*, and is here meant to express *Chord*. Thus, *Einglied* means a single chord; *Zweiglied*, Sequences of two chords, &c.

In the above the badness of the progression is obvious. Subtraction by 2 is effective. Example—

I
2
VI
2
IV
2
II, &c.

In notes it would be as follows:—

I VI IV II VII V III I

Subtract 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1

Subtraction by 3 is also effective. Example—

1	2	1	1
I	I	IV	V
3	3	3	3
1	2	1	1
V	V	I	II
3	3	3	3
1	2	1	1
II	II	V	VII
3	3	3	3
1	2	1	1
VI	VI	I	III

In notes it would be as follows:—

I I IV V V I II II II V VI VI VI I VI &c.

Sequences of *modulation* are very interesting. I shall reserve examples of them for some future occasion. Sequences may be formed upon *closes* or *cadences*, agreeable to the foregoing laws. Thus a considerable number may be produced from the *Haupt-seventh* close, (or close of the Dominant 7th); these are produced by being taken upon different degrees of the Scale. They are produced upon the following plan:—The VII is taken in all its forms, succeeded by I, which is also to be taken in all its forms:—

1	1	1	2	I	3
VII	I	VII	I	VII	I
2	1	2	2	2	3
VII	I	VII	I	VII	I
3	1	3	2	3	2
VII	I	VII	I	VII	I
4	1	4	2	4	3
VII	I	VII	I	VII	I

Which will be in notes as follows:—

* This being 2, and as 2 from 2 gives nothing, you take 2 from 9, which gives VII; thus you take, instead of 1 from 1, (see the first chord in the above example,) 1 from VIII, &c.

1
VII I

2
VII I

3
VII I

3
VII 1

4
VII I

+2

+1

+3

* 1 The D should resolve upon C.

* 2 The 7th is not prepared and resolved; Bass should resolve in the 2nd form.

* 3 Bass should fall to F.

MR. MACREADY AND THE DRAMA.

(From the John Bull.)

We are proud to record the event of Monday last, when Her Majesty visited Drury Lane Theatre, for the purpose of aiding and enriching the man who a few weeks before deliberately refused to obey the royal command. It is not generally known, perhaps, that the Queen commanded Mr. Macready the other day to read the tragedy of *Antigone* before the Court at Buckingham Palace, and that the actor actually declined the great, but as it would appear undeserved honor, upon the plea that music was mixed up with the performance. "If Her Majesty would permit Mr. Macready to read a play of Shakspeare's, Mr. Macready was willing to attend the summons,"—to be a performer in a musical melange was wholly out of the question. When we consider that to serve Mr. Macready, Her Majesty condescended to listen at Drury Lane Theatre, on Monday last, to Shakspeare mutilated, and to Colman reduced to three acts, we are far from envying the feelings with which Mr. Macready must have regarded the royal presence, from which he had so impertinently kept aloof upon so ridiculous a punctilio.

The excuse was absurd. What if Her Majesty had commanded Mr. Macready to read *Macbeth*? Has Mr. Macready never performed this character with the Witches' scenes set to music? Has he never acted *Gambier* in the *Slave*? Has he never been the melodramatic hero of a thorough-going opera? We refer our readers for answers to these questions to the playbills for the last twenty years. But let us suppose for a moment that this stickler for the rights of actors has never condescended to represent *Rob Roy* upon his native heath, or *Puff* in the farce, in his life; that classic drama is his natural element—Shakspeare his sole delight. May not the best rule be broken through on a great occasion? The request of a lady is something: when that lady is the Sovereign Prince of the honored man to whom the request is made, loyalty and devotion can find in their vocabulary but one answer to give. Why, had Mr. Macready been asked to perform as an Acrobat at St. James's, he must have made the experiment, if a spark of the true feeling of an Englishman and a man glimmered in his breast. When the Crown deigns to ask a favour of its subjects, God help the subject who begins to consult his own dignity and to calculate about proprieties! We can fancy what the Duke of Wellington would have done, had he been told to read *Antigone*. We can see the old soldier putting on his glasses, and going manfully on from first page to last, with fiddlers or without fiddlers bravely and right-heartedly, with the best emphasis at his command—yea, from title-page to finis. And is Mr. Macready, great as he is, a greater man than he of Waterloo? To stand by the Queen, the Duke gave up the friends of his long political life. Mr. Macready, for the same cause, will not bring himself down one inch from the eminence to which his most inordinate vanity has raised him. Is there another man living who would not have read *Antigone* or Confucius, the Koran or the Talmud, at the Queen's bidding? We honestly believe not. Mitchell would have pocketed his sedition, Cuffy would have forgotten his calling in their eagerness to meet the royal wish. Yet Her Majesty went out of her royal way to do Mr. Macready honor on Monday last. We say we do not envy the gentleman's feelings, whatever they might have been on that occasion.

The question whether Mr. Macready proves himself a lover of his art, and an enthusiastic adorer of Shakspeare in playing three acts of a tragedy of Shakspeare instead of five, because

only in the three does the character appear which Macready represents, is a question which we leave for the play-goers to decide. We are disposed to agree with the admirable and plain-spoken critic of the *Morning Chronicle*, who suspects that after all, Mr. Macready, like the most of his fellows, whether actors or not, is amorous chiefly of himself, and loves his art, as he does his Queen, after his own private necessity and predilections are looked to and thoroughly provided for. Be this, however, as it may, we have deemed it our duty to call public attention to a fact which came to our knowledge some few weeks ago, and for the publication of which we have waited a fitting opportunity. That opportunity is here. We trust that the magnanimity of the Crown has had its effect in softening the arrogant and republican spirit of the actor. If it has not, we can only trust further that during the visit Mr. Macready is about to make to America, the President may not think of inviting the Britisher to read *Comus* to him in the capital of Washington.

FLOWERS versus PUPPET SHOW.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

"The march of intellect is just at railroad speed,
Reason and folly now alike to wisdom lead;
Parents no more your children send to school,
To be the sport of flirts and every foppish fool."

SIR,—A week or two back I received a letter, posted at Southampton, enclosing a piece of *satire* from the sagacious pages of the *Puppet Show*, headed "What does he mean?" (it, no doubt, is no easy matter for such *erudite* writers to divine anything I mean). The following is a copy of the *satire* :—

"WHAT DOES HE MEAN?"

"A gentleman, in writing to the editor of a more than ordinary obscure publication concludes as follows :—'Next week I will answer the objections of ——— with permission of, Sir, your obedient servant, French Flowers!' Now, who can French Flowers be? Is French Flowers the editor of the obscure periodical in question, and if so, why does he correspond with himself? Or is French Flowers merely a correspondent of the editor of the obscure periodical, and if so, what is the meaning of his telling the editor that he will continue his correspondence with permission of himself? The only thing which French Flowers seems to permit himself, is to write absurd letters in an absurd periodical."

It is well that these trifling and injurious little publications now afloat have *something* to say—but forsooth these editors are very indulgent to allow so much dearth of wit and hilarity, and profusion of monkey cunning to be printed in their papers, for they are glad enough to take hold of the slightest oversight that a child of ten years old could not intentionally have committed. Nothing whatever displays emptiness and stupidity more than concocting or framing sarcasm upon shallow pretences—for from nothing nothing remains. This simple truth the writer has not yet learned, or he or she would not have made me *something* by taking notice of me. It shall be my endeavour to reap advantage by these specimens of unintended kindness and puerile simplicity. Now, these scarecrows (for the writers are not well paid), of the splenetic order of covert jocularity, are as plentiful as tares in a corn-field, but they never succeed to frighten *old birds*, however ragged and disgusting they may look, and menace them. *Puppet* means a little doll. Now, is this *little doll show-paper* published for little children? It is unquestionably on a level with their capacity, yet too incautiously written for their tender years—the instructors of malice will no more preserve their innocence than the tendency of their writings will enlarge their understandings. We call this the age of

reason, but was there ever an age when so much trash appeared in print? Do not these flippant publications tend to undo every species of useful knowledge—especially this applies to young people? But this is the age of reason, and he who now seeks for the temple of reason, must go to the office of the *Puppet Show*—there he can learn all that is desirable in the twinkling of an eye—there he will discover what in other sage seats of learning has escaped observation, viz., that *reason and folly* are synonymous terms. I take the trouble to notice this silly attack on me, being an excellent opportunity for me to express my detestation for these low “go-a-head,” “fast,” (*alias* slow publications), whose writers have usually just noddles enough to amuse noodles. My next letter will contain an anecdote far too good for the *Puppet Show*, or I might be induced to favour *Dolly* with it—no doubt, however, it will amuse these *lions of wit* more than the letters I generally write, because I am sure they cannot understand anything that requires greater study than is necessary to make a “go-a-head” cunning wit.

FRENCH FLOWERS.

DRURY LANE.

A GRAND operatic and choregraphic performance took place on Monday evening last, for the benefit of the family of the late Madame Proche Giubelei, many years a member of Her Majesty's Theatre, Covent Garden, and Drury Lane. Madame Giubelei died some weeks since, of pulmonary consumption, leaving four children entirely destitute.

By permission of the directors of the Royal Italian Opera, the following artists volunteered their services to perform on behalf of the children of Madame Giubelei:—Mesdames Grisi, Viardot Garcia, Castellani, Bellini, and Corbari; Signors Tamburini, Salvi, Marini, Corradi-Setti, Polonini, Soldi, and other vocalists. Madlle. Lucille Grahn and Mons. Gontier also gave their gratuitous services. Several of the band, chorus, and minor choregraphs also volunteered. Mr. Sims Reeves likewise lent his aid.

The entertainments were on a grand scale, and included in the operatic department the *Lucia di Lammermoor*, with Castellani as Lucia, Sims Reeves as Edgardo, Corradi-Setti as Enrico, Polonini as Raimondo, and Soldi as Arturo, and the last act of *Norma* for Grisi, Corbari, Salvi, and Marini. Between the *Lucia* and *Norma* Tamburini and Pauline Garcia were announced to sing their favorite comic duet, “Oh! guardate che figura,” from the *Prova d'un Opera Seria*. This, however, was frustrated by the illness of the great barytone; and the duet from the *Barbiere*, the sparkling and speaking “Dunque io son,” was substituted, which was sung with infinite point and *esprit* by Pauline Garcia and Tagliafico, the latter having proffered his services *vice* Tamburini on the sick list. The duet was encored with thunders of acclamations.

It is not necessary to enter into any criticism of the performance, which went off with unusual *éclat*. Mr. Reeves was received on his entrance in the *Lucia* with most tremendous cheers, which we really thought would never cease. He sang and acted very finely throughout the opera, and obtained the most vociferous acclamations after each of his favourite *morceaux*. Who can say, after the flattering testimonials Mr. Reeves has received whenever he has appeared, that English artists are neglected? The simple fact is, that the English public are not such donkeys as some suppose, and that they have a natural tendency towards anything superior, which leads them to prefer Italian songsters to those of British manufacture, for no other reason than that they are more accomplished; for let one true English artist arise, and it is notorious

that he or she is as well received as any foreigner—nay, the English artist is better received, for the national feeling is superadded to the recognition of merit, and the two sentiments go hand in hand to heighten enthusiasm. Mr. Sims Reeves is no solitary instance of a native artist of great excellence being at least in as high favor with the public as the most popular Italian singer of the day. We shall enter into this subject more at length on some future occasion.

There is no need here to offer any critical remarks on Grisi's magnificent performance in *Norma*, nor of Pauline Garcia's exquisite comic singing, nor of the graceful and sympathetic Castellani in the *Lucia*, nor of Salvi entitled to all praise in *Pollio*, nor of Corbari entitled to no less in *Adalgisa*, nor Marini in *Oroveso*, nor Lucille Grahn and Mons. Gontier, nor all the rest who deserve commendation at our hands.

The performances, which were received throughout with the greatest enthusiasm, did not conclude till a late hour.

We cannot close our notice without calling attention to the kindness shown by the directors and members of the Royal Italian Opera, in aiding the cause of suffering humanity. It is somewhat strange that such wholesale benevolence should have escaped the public journals, who are so forward in disclosing benefits conferred on other occasions.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

“The Slave Captain;” a Legend of Liverpool. By JOHN DIGNAN. NEWBY, London.

THE great pressure of business in our own particular line has hindered us from noticing this book before; not from any lack of inclination to do so, for it is really well worthy of the attentive perusal that we have given to it. Many of our readers will, perhaps, say, what sort of a romance can be made out of Liverpool, with its cotton, sugar, wood, and other matter-of-fact articles. Read the “Slave Captain,” we say, and they will see. About sixty years ago, the merchant princes of Liverpool amassed vast wealth, which some of their descendants enjoy to this day, by the horrid but profitable traffic in slaves, and many a ship that has sailed from the “good old town,” as its inhabitants call Liverpool, has been the scene of some tales that would “make your hair tan’ on an end.” The author is the editor of a paper that we have frequently quoted, the *Liverpool Chronicle*, and being long a resident in Liverpool, he has picked up real facts, which he has skilfully woven into a clever and exciting story. When we consider the daily harassing duties of an editor (reader, we know them frequently, to our sorrow), we are astonished that Mr. Dignan could even find time to write a work of imagination. But when we further consider that he has written a tale of deep interest, with a skilful and intricate plot, abounding with well-described scenes in different parts of the world, our wonder is doubled. The character of the old Guinea captain is doubtless drawn from nature; his sharp, despotic, sternness of manner is admirably described, and contrasts strongly with that of his gentle daughter, whose kind and loving nature is depicted with a masterly hand. Though the scenes and situations are very different from those usual in novels, still they are not improbable. One great merit of the book is novelty—it is quite a new ground. Mr. Dignan has produced good fruit from it, and we trust that his success will incite him to further efforts; he possesses an easy, fluent style, free from affectation, with that manner of putting every fact into the clearest light—a habit, together with that of brevity, which he has acquired from his connection with the press. In conclusion, we recommend “The Slave Captain” to all our readers—for, though some of his doings

were anything but creditable to human nature, still no one can read his story without feeling better for it; for while the author has done his best to amuse, he has not forgotten "to point a moral."

PROVINCIAL.

BATH.—The concert at the Assembly-rooms, on Wednesday, the 26th ultimo, afforded us the opportunity of hearing (for the first time in Bath) the accomplished Madame Castellan of the Italian Opera, of which she is a distinguished ornament, and where she has obtained a well-merited reputation as a first-class artiste. Her voice is an extensive and clear soprano, enabling her to execute many difficult passages on the higher notes, and often descending into the contralto clef with apparent ease, of which the "Ah, non credea" (*Sonnambula*) was a successful and brilliant example. The delighted audience requested an encore, and Madame Castellan repeated the finale with (if possible) increased effect. We hope again to have the gratification of hearing this highly talented lady in our city, where her exquisite taste and feeling have left quite a sensation. We have much pleasure in adding our concurring testimony to the opinion of approbation so generally expressed of the singing of Madlle. Corbari, not only as an able second in the duos, &c., with Madame Castellan, but also in all the pieces in which she assisted. Her singing was marked with feeling and expression. We may here observe (we hope without offence at home,) that the accomplished Italian artistes, whatever they sing, whether joyous or sad, contrive to impress their hearers with a similar feeling, and that it is which adds such a charm to their performances and enhances their merits. Both these ladies were striking examples of this. The pleasurable feeling of the company was greatly increased by the successful efforts of Signor C. Setti, (a good barytone,) Signor R. Costa, and Signor Perugini (the conductor.) The latter sang several solos, and particularly a very pleasing and clever *tarantella*, of his own composing, and obtained an encore. His performance generally evinced much merit and application, both as a pianist and basso. The much lamented death of our late fellow-townsmen, Mr. H. Field, has caused many first-rate pianists to seek the "honor of succeeding him" in his professional engagements. We feel assured that it is a difficult task so to do: it is not making the fingers run "express" over the keys, or thumping the instrument, as if to test its strength, or to "astonish the governess," that will suffice. No: there are many who "profess" but hitherto we have not heard any pianist equal to Henry Field. Yet, among other candidates, Mons. Jaques deserves favorable mention: his playing in the fantasia, and Handel's grand trio with the Messrs. Salmon (violin and violoncello) elicited deserved and general applause. In the trio, the three performers executed their task with precision and ability. As a whole, the concert was a delightful musical treat, and well deserved a much more profitable reward; but the times are not harmonious just now.—*Bath Gazette*.

NEWPORT.—On Monday week a concert took place at the Town-hall, under the patronage of Sir Charles and Lady Morgan, and Colonel and Mrs. Tynte. Although the weather did not prove favorable, still there was a large number of gentry present, and the performances gave great satisfaction.

UXBRIDGE.—Mr. J. T. Birch gave his annual evening concert on Thursday week, at the Public Rooms. Among those who assisted at the concert, we may name Miss Dolby, Miss Eliza Nelson, Mr. John Parry, and Mr. Sims Reeves. Miss Dolby sang four times. Her first essay was in Ricci's aria, "Io chiedo a queste fronde;" and her second in an English ballad. The latter was most liked, and indeed suited the taste of our provincial auditors better. Miss Dolby also sang an Irish and Scotch song, both with immense effect. She is a most charming singer, and has a most delightful voice. In ballad singing, she has hardly an equal in the present day. She also joined Sims Reeves in Balfe's duet "the Sailor's Sighs," which was loudly applauded. Mr. Sims Reeves created an unprecedented sensation by his singing, both in Italian and English. He gave the famous "Fra poco" from *Lucia*, with surprising power and delicacy of expression, and quite turned the heads of some of his listeners who never heard such singing before. His singing of Balfe's beautiful ballad, "In this old Chair," produced almost as powerful an impression. It would be impossible to find a more happy specimen of simple and intensely pathetic singing than Mr. Sims Reeves afforded in his rendering of this ballad. We must not omit to do justice to Miss Eliza Nelson, who aided powerfully in adding strength and variety to the entertainment. She sang Rossini's "Una Voce" and two English ballads, which were all well received. The other pieces in the programme present nothing beyond the ordinary features of attraction, with the exception, of course, of John Parry, who gave two of his best comic songs, and was encored in both. Mozart's *Jupiter Symphony* and the Overture to the *Preciosa*

were essayed by a small band. Mr. J. T. Birch conducted. The rooms were very full.—(From a Correspondent.)

STRATFORD ON-AVON.—Mrs. Stephen Chambers gave a concert on Friday se'nnight, at the Royal Shakspearean Rooms, which, we regret to say, was not attended by an audience numerically commensurate with her reputation and abilities. The selection was attractive. Mrs. Chambers is an accomplished instrumentalist. The pieces played by her on the pianoforte, were executed with firmness and brilliancy. Miss Sara Flower, who possesses a powerful contralto voice, sang in the first part, Donizetti's Cavatina, "Io non ti Possi," admirably. The Scotch duet, "Jamie tak' me o'er the Sea," was sweetly given by Mrs. Chambers and Miss S. Flower. The trio from *Marijiana*, "Turn old Time," was all but a failure, owing to the lamentable deficiency of Messrs. Guernsey and Cuisset; Miss Flower "dragged" them through it. Miss Rosina Collins quite charmed the audience by her excellency in a violin solo, in the first part—it was rapturously applauded and encored. Miss Sara Flower gave a new ballad, "The Dreams of other Days," with all the effect of her full voice—it is a pleasing composition, and in the hands of this lady it is rendered very attractive. Mrs. Chambers and Miss S. Flower were most happy in their interpretation of "We come to thee, Savoy." The old trio "Vadasi via di qua," was so exceedingly well rendered, that it was called for repetition three times—it was most mirthfully sung, almost amidst roars of laughter. The parts assigned to Mrs. Chambers and the Misses Flower and Collins, were artistically executed, and with a better bass and tenor, the concert would have been excellent; as it was, the lady who gave it deserves every commendation for her election.

CONCERTS.

THALBERG'S CONCERT.—We owe many apologies to this eminent pianist, and to our readers, for having deferred till now the record of this interesting performance. "Better late than never," however, is a good make-peace when "Bis dat qui cito dat" has been broken on the wheel. The programme of M. Thalberg's concert, which took place some three or four weeks since, in the great music-room of Her Majesty's Theatre, was short and sweet, wherefrom it derived additional interest. The chief performers were Madlle. Lind, Gardoni, Belletti, Coletti, Lablache, and the concert-giver. We cannot recollect the details of the concert, but we have not lost the impression produced upon us by Thalberg's magnificent playing; which was exercised to the highest advantage in two fantasias—the *Don Pasquale* and *Lucrezia Borgia*, if we remember rightly—and in the new *Tarantella* so universally admired, prefaced by a charming Barcarole just composed, a very finished and elegant specimen of Thalberg's sentimental style. To relate how marvellously well each and all of these were executed, and what enthusiasm they individually excited, were now too late; moreover, it would be a tale of very ancient origin, for Thalberg is used to triumphs and tired of adulation. We cannot omit, however, to mention the surprise we experienced that Thalberg should decline to accept the several encores that were bestowed upon his performance by an immensely crowded and brilliantly fashionable room. We suppose there were state reasons. Madlle. Jenny Lind sang the cavatina in A flat from *Der Freischutz*, the "Singing lesson" of Fioravanti with Lablache, something else which we had forgotten, and two of her "Swedish melodies." The duet and the melody in which she takes the sharp seventh were encored, and Madlle. Lind, wiser than Thalberg, accepted the encores without ceremony. The other vocal pieces were selected from the favourites of the Italian repertoire. Gardoni must be specially noticed for the exquisite fervor and grace with which he sang the first romance from *La Favorita*. This also was loudly encored, but "for state reasons" Gardoni declined to respond to the unanimous demand. M. Maretzek accompanied the vocal pieces, excepting those of Madlle. Jenny Lind. Thalberg, to quote the strange announcement of the programmes, "had the honor"

of accompanying Mdle. Lind. It was, perhaps, a misprint, and should have been, "Mdle. Lind will have the honor of being accompanied by M. Thalberg."

Mr. H. J. St. LEGER gave a *Soirée Musicale* on Monday, at 15, Saville Row, the residence of James Yearsley, Esq., which was well attended.

The entertainments provided were of an excellent kind, and the performers included several of the musical notorieties of the season. Among the vocalists were Madame Sabatier, the Misses Emma, Rosina, and Victoria Collins, Miss Dulacher, Miss Bassano, Mr. T. Williams, and the Signori Gardoni and Coletti; and among the instrumentalists, Mademoiselle Hélène Stœpel (piano), Mademoiselle Guinée (piano), Mr. Vincent Wallace (piano), and M. Remusat (flute).

Mademoiselle Hélène Stœpel performed a concertante duet with Miss Rosina Collins, for piano and violin, the composition, we believe, of the fair and talented pianist. The duet was finely executed. We were particularly struck with the brilliant manner in which Mademoiselle Stœpel played, and the tone of musical feeling she infused into her performance. Mademoiselle Stœpel also played a tarantella of her own composition very admirably, and was loudly applauded.

Miss Wallace sang "Qui la voce," and produced a great effect by the ease with which she overcame the bravura passages, and the delicacy with which she delivered the *piano* phrases. Miss Wallace has a soprano voice of power and clearness, and is altogether an accomplished vocalist.

Miss Bassano sang a ballad, the composition of Mrs. St. Leger, with words by Mr. St. Leger. The ballad is very pleasing, and the arrangement is excellent. It was encored. We have seldom heard Miss Bassano sing a ballad with more effect.

Mr. T. Williams also introduced a ballad, called "One Smile from Thee," the joint production of Mr. and Mrs. St. Leger. This composition is, we think, more happy than the first, although perhaps it would not meet so many admirers in a general audience. Mr. T. Williams delivered it with much feeling.

Signor Gardoni and Signor Coletti gave a romanza each—the former with infinite sweetness, the latter with graphic power and effect.

Mons. Remusat performed a fantasia on the flute in first-rate style. He is a highly finished player.

The charming Madame Sabatier—the "fauvette à tête noir,"—the admired of all musical circles, and the idol of her own, introduced "La Fontaine aux Perles," and "Ma Brunette," and delighted the audience with her grace and expression, and *naïveté*, and sundry other qualifications and peculiarities, which she seems to have absorbed in her own individual person.

Miss Durlacher, Balfe's most promising pupil, sang the cavatina, "O luce di quest' amina," with brilliancy and power. Her voice is clear and silvery, and is managed with an ease quite captivating. Miss Durlacher, after her performance, obtained the warmest applause.

Mr. Vincent Wallace played his "Reve" on the piano, and produced a marked sensation by the delicacy and expression of his performance.

Mademoiselle Guinée played a solo on the piano, and the Concert concluded with a Terzettino by the Misses Collins.

Apologies were made for the Misses Williams and Mr. W. H. Holmes, whose names appeared in the *affiches*.

Vincent Wallace and Lindsay Sloper acted as conductors.

MADAME CLAIRE HENNELLE'S ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT.—A highly pleasing and elegant musical entertainment was given by the charming *cantatrice*, Madame Hennelle, on

Saturday morning, the 15th ult., at Coulon's rooms, Great Marlborough Street. Madame Claire Hennelle is a singer of great excellence. She has a *mezzo-soprano* voice of fine quality, and sings like a true musician. She was assisted by Signor and Madame Tagliafico, Signor Ciabatta, the Misses Pyne, and Mademoiselle Molina di Mendi, as vocalists; and by M. Gorla (piano), and M. Ehrmann (violoncello), as instrumentalists.

The sparkling bolero duet from the *Diamants de la Couronne* was most delightfully sung by Madame Claire Hennelle and Mademoiselle Molina di Mendi. The latter-named young lady has proved one of the chief attractions of the present concert-season. She is a cousin of Madame Viardot, and is quite worthy of the Garcia family. She has a fine-toned, clear soprano voice, vocalizes with great fluency, and is an accomplished musician. Her style and method are irreproachable—could they be otherwise, coming within the sphere of the tutelage of the all-accomplished Pauline Garcia? Mdle. Molina di Mendi is still very young, and requires only time and experience to place her in the very first rank of vocalists. We augur great things of her future.

Madame Tagliafico introduced her two favorite French arias, "*Le Secret*" and "*Le Moulin*," which she gave with her own peculiar *naïveté* and Parisian point. She also joined her *caro sposo* in a duet of Paër's.

Miss L. Pyne essayed Persiani's very difficult cavatina "O luce di quest' anima," from *Linda di Chamouni*. This young lady has a very nice voice, and sings charmingly. Miss Pyne was very happy in Knight's song, "Say, what shall my song be to-night," and the two fair sisters executed a duo from Rossini's *Bianca e Faliero* with much success.

M. Gorla is a strong pianist. He played two fantasias of his own composition, which had the exceeding great merit of being very short.

An aria from Marliani's *Capuletti e Montecchi* was given with fine expression and taste by Mademoiselle Molina di Mendi. This aria involves considerable difficulties of execution, but the fair vocalist bounded over them as lightly, and with as much ease, as doth the gazelle over tufts of prickly furze that oppose but cannot stay his flight.

In addition to the bolero duet with Mademoiselle di Mendi, Madame Claire Hennelle indulged her auditors with various other *morceaux*. She sang two sacred songs of Beethoven (with great effect), a brilliant aria from Pacini's *Safa*, and Clapisson's "Die Fischer Mädchen," in each and all proving herself an admirable and graceful mistress of the vocal art.

Mons. Ehrmann performed a solo on the violoncello with power and effect. His performance well merited the plaudits it received.

The conductors were Messrs. Pillotti and Kuhe.

The Concert was fashionably attended.

THE LATE RIOTS AT DRURY LANE.

WE have received a spirited and capitally written pamphlet with the above title, purporting to be an answer to Albert Smith's book in advocacy of the French stage, which we lately reviewed. The pamphlet is written by one who signs himself "An Englishman," and manifests the John Bull in every page. We shall review the work next week, and give some extracts. Without pledging ourselves to all the opinions contained in the pamphlet, we can bear testimony to its merits as a work of excellent intention, happy thought and humor. The writer hits our friend, Albert Smith, rather hard on the knuckles, and appears in some respects to have the best of the argument. *Nous verrons*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MASSOL is at Brussels, studying the Italian repertoire—with what object our readers are already acquainted. It is his intention to return to England early next Spring.

M. OLE BULL, the celebrated Norwegian violinist, is now working as a journeyman, in the manufactory of M. Vuillaume, a Parisian musical instrument maker, in the hope of being enabled to make a violin that shall equal the tones of those made by the celebrated Stradivarius, of Cremona; and for this purpose he has brought from Norway, wood more than two hundred years old.

THE SOCIETY OF DANCERS.—On Thursday week, the fourth annual meeting of the members of the Provident Society of Dancers and Teachers of Dancing, was held at the Haymarket Theatre, Mr. James Byrn in the chair. The report of the committee recommended that, on account of the pressure of the times, a fund of £2,000 should be raised, for which purpose, it was proposed that a lady patroness's ball should be set on foot, and Her Majesty's patronage solicited as soon as the necessary preparations are completed. It is proposed to offer an annual premium for the best work on the art of dancing—a plan which it is thought will give a great impetus to the profession. The receipts of the year were £297 0s. 4d., the expenditure, £236 16s. 2d., leaving a balance of £60 4s. 2d. in favor of the Society.

MR. B. R. ISAAC the pianist of Liverpool, gives a grand concert with orchestra in that town, on Tuesday evening, the 29th of this month, under very distinguished patronage, for which he has secured the services of Alboni, Salvi, Corbari, and Pultoni, with Osborne a conductor.

PRIZES FOR MUSICAL COMPOSITIONS.—The commission appointed this spring in Paris, to award bronze medals to the best composers of national songs, has terminated its labours and sent in its report. Upwards of eight hundred pieces were forwarded for its inspection betwixt the 27th of March, and the 1st of May; thirty-three of which are pronounced as worthy of "the decoration." Amongst others, 'L'harmonie des Peuples,' by that clever Alsatian, M. Ambroise Thomas, 'Chant de la Blouse,' by M. Varney, (whose Girondin Hymn from the 'Le Chevalier de Maison Rouge' has been the tune of the last French Revolution), and 'La Jeune République,' set by none other than the *Valentine* of our 'Les Huguenots'—MADAME VIARDOT.—*Athenæum*.

DEATH FROM SEA SICKNESS.—We regret to record a most painful death which has recently occurred. Mrs. Frazer, (who, together with her husband, Mr. H. Frazer; had been fulfilling an engagement at the Theatre Royal, Portsmouth) left that port on Friday afternoon, at three o'clock, in the Brunswick steamer en route to Exeter, at which city they were engaged to perform on Monday. At her embarkation, Mrs. Frazer enjoyed her usual health, but during the voyage, she became most seriously affected with sea-sickness. Paroxysm succeeded paroxysm, until, totally exhausted, this unfortunate lady expired in the arms of her husband, at about one o'clock on Saturday morning.—*Hants Independent*.

DEATH OF MR. JOHN BRUNTON, COMEDIAN.—This once celebrated comedian, father of the well-known actress, Mrs. Yates, and brother to the Dowager Countess of Craven, expired on Saturday, the 15th ult. He was in his 74th year.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERAS.—In the supplement of this year's *Record*, to be published in the winter, we will furnish amateurs with the results of this season's rivalry between the two houses.

The public has no reason to desire the discontinuance of a competition that has brought to this country Mdle. Lind, and Mdle. Alboni. Our sympathies are naturally in favour of that establishment in which the lyrical muse is best represented. The band and chorus of the Royal Italian Opera, so admirably organised and disciplined, and daily improving in delicacy and finish of execution, is beyond rivalry. The public may rest assured, upon the authority of our experience abroad and at home, that such a phalanx of violins, violas, violoncellos, and double-basses, as brought together by Costa, the result of his long experience, and having had *carte blanche* to choose his artists, is not to be procured in any country in Europe. We still adhere to the opinion we gave to the parties who confided to us the project of a second Italian Opera, that a first-rate work, executed with *perfect ensemble*, will always attract a numerous and intelligent audience. *Ex. gr.*—the first representation of *Don Juan* at the Royal Italian Opera this season produced nearly £900, whilst *Nino*, by Verdi, at another theatre in the same evening, did not bring £20 to the treasury. We do not yet despair of seeing our wishes carried into effect at this theatre. Success does not depend on the publication of the names of a few fashionables attending either of these rival Operas; the constant attendance of the really musical public, to appreciate the beautiful *ensemble* of the *chefs d'œuvre* of the best composers, must and can be secured by energy and enterprise in the direction.—(From *Ellis's Record*, July 11th.)

AN OLD ACTOR'S FIRST IMPRESSION OF EDMUND KEAN.—A veteran of the stage, who witnessed the *debut* of Edmund Kean in London, thus describes the impressions he received on that occasion:—"A party of us," says he "were prevailed on to go and see a young actor from the country attempt the part of Shylock at Drury Lane Theatre, and, as we expected, add another to the list of failures. When we got there, no more than 50 persons were in the pit, and there was that sense of previous damnation, which a thin house usually inspires. When the new candidate came on there was a lightness in his step, an easy buoyancy and self-possession, different from the sullen, dogged, gaol-delivery look of the traditional Shylock of the stage. A vague expectation was excited, and all went on well; but it was not till he came to the part when, leaning on his staff, he tells the tale of Jacob and his flock with the garrulous ease of old age, and an animation of spirit that seems borne back to the olden time, and to the privileged example in which he exults, that it was plain a man of genius had lighted upon the boards of Drury. To those who had the spirit and candour to hail the lucky omen, the recollection of that moment of startling yet welcome surprise will always afford them pride and satisfaction. After a lapse of some time, I wished to see whether the first impression would still keep 'true touch!' and I was not disappointed. Besides the excellence of the impassioned parts of Kean's acting in Shylock, there was a flexibility and indefiniteness about it, like a figure with a landscape background: his voice swelled and deepened at the mention of his sacred tribe and ancient law, and he dwelt delighted on any digression to distant times and places, as a relief to his vindictive and rooted purpose. Of all Kean's performances, I thought this the most faultless and the least mannered, always excepting his *Othello*, which was equally perfect, and twenty times more powerful. Kean succeeded so well in the part in which he came out, that, with the diffidence of the abilities of others so natural to us, it was concluded he could do nothing else; and he was kept in it so long, that he nearly failed in *Richard*, until the dying scene bore down all

opposition by an irresistible spell, as if some preternatural being had taken possession of his form, and made the enthusiasm the greater, from the uncertainty that had before prevailed. Sir Giles Overreach stamped his excellence with the players and the town, and Othello with the critics!"

THE HARMONIES OF THE UNIVERSE.—There is music wherever there is harmony, order, or proportion; and thus far we may maintain the music of the spheres; for those well ordered motions, and regular paces, though they give no sound unto the ear, yet to the understanding they strike a note most full of harmony. Whoever is harmonically composed, delights in the harmony of sounds, which makes me much distrust the symmetry of those heads which declaim against all church music. For myself, not only from my obedience, but very particular genius, I do embrace it; for even that vulgar and tavern music, which makes one man merry, another mad, strikes in me a deep fit of devotion, and profound contemplation of the first composer; there is something in it of divinity more than the ear discovers.—From *Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer's "Harold."*

STRAND THEATRE.—Field Marshal Tom Thumb has taken this theatre for a series of performances, and may be seen nightly playing to crowded audiences. We shall notice his doings next week.

Mario's benefit takes place on Thursday, when the *Puritani* will be given, the last scene from the *Cenerentola* for Alboni, and the last act of the *Huguenots*.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR THE BASS VOICE.

Mr. CRIVELLI begs to acquaint his Friends and the Public, that his Work on the **ART OF SINGING**, adapted with alterations and additions for the BASS VOICE, is now ready, and may be had of Mr. CRIVELLI, at his residence, No. 74, UPPER NORTON STREET; and at all the principal Music Sellers.

C. SALAMAN'S ITALIAN CANZONETS,
"No, non vedrete mai," "Soltu sei," and "Placido zeffretto,"

Composed during his late residence in Rome, are NOW PUBLISHED, and ready for delivery, at 1s. 6d. each, at C. and R. Olivier's Royal Musical Repository and Circulating Musical Library, 41 and 42, New Bond-street.

Sovereign Life Assurance Company,
No. 5, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON.

Sir A. Brydges Henniker, Bart.
B. Bond Cabbell, Esq., M.P.

Trustees.
Henry Pownall, Esq.
Claude Edward Scott, Esq.

Directors.
CHAIRMAN, Lieutenant-Colonel Lord Arthur Lennox.
DEPUTY-CHAIRMAN, T. C. Granger, Esq., M.P.
John Ashburner, Esq., M.D.
T. M. B. Batard, Esq.
Philip P. Blyth, Esq.

Assurances granted on the lives of persons in every station of life and every part of the world, on peculiarly favourable terms.

Every facility afforded to persons assuring the lives of others, so as to render such policies effectual securities.

Immediate Annuities and Endowments granted on liberal terms, affording great advantage to persons of limited income.

Particular attention is invited to the plan adopted by this company, of granting deferred annuities, to commence at any specified age, either with or without return of the premiums paid, in case of death before attaining the age at which the annuity is to commence; thus: A person, aged 25, may secure an annuity of £50, to commence on attaining the age of 50, and to continue during life, at the following rates:

ANNUAL PREMIUMS, WITH AND WITHOUT RETURN, IN CASE OF DEATH		
Without Return.	With return of two-thirds	With return of the whole
£13 10s. 9d.	£14 10s. 3d.	£15 10s. 10d.

H. D. DAVENPORT, Secretary.

WORCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL, 1848.

UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE OF
HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN,
HER MAJESTY QUEEN ADELAIDE,
AND HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE ALBERT.

The Hundred and Twenty-fifth Festival of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester will be held

On **TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, and FRIDAY,**
the 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th of September,
In the Nave of the Cathedral, and in the College Hall, Worcester.

PRINCIPAL VOCAL PERFORMERS.

Madame **CASTELLAN,**
Miss **A. WILLIAMS,** Miss **DOLBY,**
Miss **M. WILLIAMS,**
AND
Mademoiselle **ALBONI.**
Mr. **SIMS REEVES,**
Mr. **LOCKEY.**
Mr. **J. ROBINSON,** Mr. **MACHIN,**
AND
Signor **LABLACHE.**

Alternate Leaders - **MESSRS. WILLY & H. BLAGROVE.**
Solo Pianoforte - **Miss KATE LODER.**
Organ - **Mr. AMOTT.**
Pianoforte - **Mr. G. TOWNSEND SMITH.**
Conductor - **Mr. W. DONE.**

The Band has been selected from the Orchestras of Her Majesty's Theatre, the Royal Italian Opera, and the Ancient and Philharmonic Concerts.

The Choral Department has been selected, with the greatest care, from the Birmingham, Worcester, and Gloucester Choral Societies, and will include nearly one hundred Professional Singers from London.

The Band and Chorus united will number nearly 350 Performers.

On **TUESDAY MORNING**, Sept. 5th, Full Cathedral Service, Handel's Grand Dettingen Te Deum; Purcell's Jubilate, in D; and an Anthem, by Mendelssohn, "As pants the Hart." A Sermon will be Preached by the Very Rev. The Dean.

The Morning Performances will comprise—on Wednesday, Mendelssohn's Oratorio, "Elijah;" on Thursday, a Selection from Dr. Crotch's "Palestine," the first part of Haydn's "Creation," and Beethoven's "Engedi" (the Mount of Olives); on Friday, the "Messiah."

On Tuesday Evening, at the College Hall, Mendelssohn's music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and a Miscellaneous Selection; on Wednesday Evening, Haydn's "Spring," with a Selection; and on Thursday Evening the greater portion of Weber's Fairy Opera, "Oberon," and a Miscellaneous Selection.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.—On Tuesday Morning, Western Gallery and Aisles, 2s. 6d.; Nave, 5s. On Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday Mornings, Aisles, 5s.; Western Gallery, 10s.; Nave, 15s. Concert Tickets—Floor of the Hall, Half-a-Sovereign; Gallery, Five Shillings. Tickets for all the Performances, 4s. each.

The Doors of the Cathedral will be opened each Morning at Ten o'clock, and the Performance will begin precisely at Eleven.

After each Morning's Performance a Collection will be made for the Charity.

A Book has been opened at Deighton's Library for the Enrolment of Lodgings and Houses to be Let at the approaching Festival, where Families requiring such accommodation are requested to apply.

Arrangements have been made with the Bristol and Birmingham Railway Company to convey persons attending the Festival for one fare, to and fro, and the Tickets to extend through the week of the Festival. Convenient trains will run on the occasion.

THE ROYAL GERMAN AND BRITISH MUSICAL SOCIETY.

The Manager is instructed to invite British Composers to send by the end of March, 1849, any work of the following classes they may feel disposed to offer for competition for the Prizes given by this Society:—

Prize of 5 Guineas for the best Song or Ballad (Treble voice and Piano), Poetry included.

5 Guineas..... Vocal Duet, with Piano (two Trebles, or Treble and Bass), Poetry included.

8 Guineas..... Pianoforte Sonata (Solo).

8 Guineas..... Pianoforte Duet (four hands).

10 Guineas..... Duet, Piano, and Violin.

10 Guineas..... Trio, Piano, Violin, and Violoncello.

10 Guineas..... Quartett, Piano, Violin, Tenor, and Violoncello.

NOTE.—Candidates to abide by the decision of the umpires (selected from the ablest Professors in London.) The successful Compositions to become the property of this Society.

Each MS. to bear a motto instead of the composer's name. The name of the composer to be forwarded (with the MS.) in a sealed letter, and the outside of the envelope to have merely the motto corresponding with that on the MS. The letter and compositions of unsuccessful candidates to be returned, the former unopened. Offices, 229, Regent-street. C. R. WESSEL, Manager.



HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

BY SPECIAL DESIRE.

MAD LLE. JENNY LIND.

LAST NIGHT OF "I PURITANI."

The Nobility, Patrons of the Opera, and the Public, are respectfully informed,
that there will be

A GRAND EXTRA NIGHT

On TUESDAY NEXT, August 15th, 1848,

When will be performed (for the last time) BELLINI'S Opera,

I P U R I T A N I.

Elvira, - - - - - Madlle. JENNY LIND.

Ricciardo, - - - - - Sig. COLETTI.

Arturo, - - - - - Sig. GARDONI.

AND

Giorgio, - - - - - Sig. LABLACHE.

With various entertainments in the

BALLET DEPARTMENT,

Comprising the talents of

Mdle. CERITO AND Mdle. ROSATI,

M. ST. LEON AND M. PERROT.

It is also respectfully announced, that there will be

TWO GRAND EXTRA NIGHTS

On THURSDAY, August 17th, and SATURDAY, August 19th,

ON WHICH OCCASIONS

MAD LLE. JENNY LIND

Will have the honor to appear in one of her Favorite Characters.

The Free List is suspended, the Public Press excepted.

††† Pit Tickets may be obtained as usual at the Box-office of the Theatre, price
10s. 6d. each, where applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets are to be made.

Now Published, Price 3s. 6d.,

THE PIANISTS' DESIDERATA.

A Series of One Hundred Progressive Exercises, arranged uniformly for both hands on a *novel plan*, by which the Thumb and Fingers of the *left hand* will be made as tractable as those of the *right*, so that a complete mastery of the Diatonic and Chromatic Scales, together with all the Shakes, may be accomplished in a comparatively short time, thereby greatly facilitating the progress of Pupils, and effect a saving of much time and labour to both master and scholar; they will therefore be found a valuable auxiliary to all other Elementary works extant, as they may be given to the Tyro at any stage of learning, with a certainty of a correct position of holding the hands being permanently secured; and to those somewhat advanced, who may have contracted *bad habits*, or find a difficulty in executing rapid passages, they are strongly recommended as unfailing correctives.

Inscribed with all due deference to the Musical Profession, by

EDWARD FROST.

OXFORD, Published at the Author's Musical Repository, 78, High Street.—
LONDON, R. Cocks and Co., 6, New Burlington Street; Lee and Coxhead,
40, Albemarle Street; Coventry, 71, Dean Street, Soho; R. Addison and Co.,
210, Regent Street; Metzler and Co., 37, Great Marlborough Street; and
Z. T. Purday, 45, High Holborn.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,

COVENT



GARDEN.

LAST WEEK OF THE SEASON.

MONDAY—LA DONNA DEL LAGO, Scene from LA PROVA, Last

Act of LA FAVORITA, and DIVERTISSEMENT.

TUESDAY—GUGLIELMO TELL and DIVERTISSEMENT.

SIGNOR MARIO'S BENEFIT.

THURSDAY—I PURITANI, Scene from LA CENERENTOLA, and

Last Act of LES HUGUENOTS.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,

COVENT



GARDEN.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF SIGNOR MARIO.

SIGNOR MARIO begs most respectfully to inform the Nobility, Gentry, and the Subscribers, that his BENEFIT will take place on THURSDAY NEXT, August 17th (being the Last Night but one of the season), on which occasion will be performed the Opera of

I P U R I T A N I,

A SCENE FROM

LA CENERENTOLA,

AND THE LAST ACT OF

LES HUGUENOTS.

The whole supported by the talents of

Madame GRISI, Madame VIARDOT,

Mademoiselle ALBONI,

Sinnor TAMBURINI, Signor MARINI,

AND

Signor MARIO.

Full Particulars will be duly announced.

FLUTE.

BY ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

THE NEW DIATONIC FLUTE,

(Fingered like the old Flute)

Is pronounced by eminent Flutists to be a perfect instrument. It is used by the following Professors in London:—Messrs. R. S. PRATTEN, FREDK. HILL, M. REMUSAT (first Flute at Her Majesty's Theatre,) ROE, DOWN, ANDERSON, WINTERBOTTOM, TISSINGTON, CHAPMAN, &c.

Description forwarded on application to the Patentee,

MANUFACTORY, 135, FLEET STREET.

Published by CRAMER & Co., "Theory of the Diatonic Flute,"

by A. SICCAMI, B.A., Patentee.

Printed and Published, for the Proprietors, at the "Nassau Steam Press," by WILLIAM SPENCER JOHNSON, 60, St. Martin's Lane, in the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, in the County of Middlesex; where all communications for the Editor are to be addressed, post paid. To be had of G. Purkiss, Dean Street, Soho; Strange, Paternoster Row; Vickers, Holywell Street, and at all Booksellers.—Saturday, August 12th, 1848.